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6/10
Engli. Theatre
Vol 49
THE

K Lawyer's Fortune:

OR,

LOVE in a Hollow Tree.

A

COMEDY.

by L. Grinston

L O N D O N:

Printed for Bernard Lintott at the Middle-Temple Gate
in Fleetstreet. 1705.

Price 1 s. 6 d.

THE

WALTON & SONS

OR

FOR THE HOLLOW TREE



WALTON & SONS

100, 101 & 102, THE HOLLOW TREE

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

THE
P R E F A C E.

P*Rinters at London, like Taylors at Paris, shou'd be the only Men valu'd, and caress'd for their Riches and Merit, since we see every Day publish'd such a Crowd of Pamphlets, of the Art of Pimping, and the Folly of Priestcraft; a Vindication of the Tackers; Receipts to make Puddings; and the broken Words, and interrupted Sayings of a dying Non-con, who was a great Pains-taker to no purpose; besides, an infinite Number of News-Papers, spread upon Coffee-house Tables, like Linen that's laid a drying in the Quarters of Moorfields.*

Scribbling is a Disease as peculiar to the Gentlemen of England, as the Itch to the Lairds of Scotland; a Clap to the Marshals of France,
and

The P E F A C E.

and the Dry-belly-ach to the Deputy Governour of Jamaica. And whereas other Countries have a Remedy for their Diseases, ours is Incurable; for the College of Physitians are most seiz'd with it themselves, and instead of curing, have given it half the Nation.

But of all kind of Scribling, sure Poetry is the most unprofitable. He that writes Faction is certain of obliging a Party, and hopes Preferment. The Fellow that vindicated the Tackers may rival the Mareschal de Montrevil when Persecution comes in vogue, and Englishmen lose the Sense of Liberty. But he that writes a Play exposes himself without any Advantage to a parcel of fleering Criticks, who wonder at any Man for attempting so difficult a Business, and are only disappointed when he succeeds in't. I must confess 'tis very hard to write well; but when a Man has an Itch at Scribling, the World must allow it much harder not to write at all.

How this Trifle will be receiv'd, Dr. Trotter, who for a Shilling answers all impertinent Questions, had not Skill enough to inform me; 'tis therefore submitted to those Gentlemen who have
Judg-

THE PREFACE.

Judgment to know where a thing is well said, they will consider 'twas wrote only for an Amusement in the Country, and never intended for the Stage, and candidly excuse abundance of Faults they may justly find thro' the Unexperience of the Author.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Valentine, Son to *Bonona*, in love with *Florida*.

Friendlove, A young Country Gentleman, in love with *Candia*.

Constant, A young marry'd Gentleman.

Sprightly, A Gentleman, cheated of his Estate, Pretender to *Clara*.

Wealthy

and

Wiseman.

} Two old Country Justices.

Latitat, A Knavish Attorney,

Major Sly, *An old fashion'd* decay'd Gentleman.

Let-acre, Stuard to *Bonona*.

W O M E N.

Bonona

and

Furiosa.

} Widows of good Estates.

Florida, *Furiosa's* Daughter.

Candia, Daughter to *Wealthy*.

Clara, Sister to *Constant*.

Favourite, Housekeeper to *Bonona*.

Guards, Country People, Singers, Dancers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *A Country Town.*

THE

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ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, a Country Town.

Bonona *sitting on a Chair with a Table before her, Account Books, Pen and Ink.*

Bon. **D**OST hear, Maid? call *Let-acre*, and bid him bring his Accounts of my Stock, and send in *Favourite*. [Exit Maid.]

Enter Favourite and Let-acre.

Bon. Come, *Let-acre*, let me see the Account of my Stock without doors. Read first the Account taken last Quarter.

Let. *Imprimis*, Two saddle Geldings, one breeding Mare, three Colts, one Market Horse, in all seven Horses. Now in my Book of Receipts there is 14*l.* enter'd receiv'd for one Gelding which was sold; so there must be one of the Geldings left out now. [Bon. writes in her Book.] Item, 15 Milch Cows and a Bull.

Fav. Poor Bull, but alas, poor Cows! [*Aside.*] Ay, one Bull, that's the reason why we have so many barren Cows every Year.

B

Let. There

The Lawyer's Fortune, or,

Let. There was one Bull kill'd at Christmas for entertaining the Court of Aldermen, and there's a young one comes in this Year. [*To Fav.*] In my Receipt-Book for this Quarter there's receiv'd 13*l.* for three Cows, and there's three Heifers that have calved to come in and supply their places. In the Expence-Book there's one fatted Cow kill'd, so there will be but fourteen Cows for this Year.

Fav. Ay, you'll bring 'em to seven at last; and yet if we buy Butter or Cheese, I know who shall hear of it then. [*Bon. writes in her Book.*]

*Enter Valentine with a Hawk on's Fist, a Hawking-Bag by's Side,
a Boy leading two Spaniels coupl'd.*

Bon. Had you any Sport, Son?

Val. Yes, Madam, I had a good flight of a Pheasant Cock, that after my Hawk seiz'd made Head as if he wou'd have fought, but my Hawk plum'd her presently.

Let. A brave Hawk indeed, Master. But wou'd I had her Head off, for he breaks all the Hedges in following her. [*Aside.*]

Val. Boy, let go the Dogs, and cast my Hawk on the Perch
[*Exit Boy.*]

Bon. Come, *Let-acre*, let's go on.

Fav. The last Mutton kill'd was lean, Madam, shou'd not some fat Sheep be bought in.

Bon. What say you, *Let-acre*, to it?

Let. This is the worst time of the Year for Sheep, the fresh Grass makes 'em fall away, and they begin to taste of the Wool; they must be spar'd a while, and *Favourite* must cast to spend some Salt Meat and Fish: I hope we shall have some fat Calves and Lambs shortly.

Fav. While the Grass grows, the Steed starves; he saith, live Horse, and thou shalt have Grass; he cares not how much of the Store in the House is spent, wou'd he wou'd be as careful to bring it in; he'll keep the Sheep till they die of the fat rot before they shall be kill'd, there's no keeping House without Mutton, I love Mutton. [*Aside.*]

Bon. Ay, but *Favourite*, every thing in its Season, now's a time for other things.

Fav. He'd have us Maids keep Lent all the Year by's good Will;

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Will; but I'll fit him with poor *John*, I'll warrant him, Morning, Noon and Night nothing but poor *John*, as he is, and I am sure he deserves no better. I wonder what effect the Lamb-Stones and Marrow-Bones have on him, I see none for my part, not so much as a dry Kiss, he shall have no more for me. [*Aside.*

Bon. I think, *Let-acre*, I have set all right. [*Exit Let. bowing. Favourite frowning takes away her Mistress's Book, Pen, Ink, and Table, and goes off. Valentine comes up to Bonona.*

Val. How do you do to Day, Mother?

Bon. Thank you, Son; well, but I'd fain have you ease me of this Trouble, I grow ancient, 'tis time for me to give up this World, and be thinking of another.

Val. Madam, I generally walk over the Grounds twice a Week, on purpose to see how things go; and as I hawk or course, if I see or chance to break a Gap, I speak to *Let-acre* to send one to mend it, and tell him of any thing that's amiss.

Enter Favourite privately list'ning at a distance.

Bon. Yes, Son, what is without doors I know, betwixt your self and *Let-acre*, is well manag'd; but do ye think its no trouble to manage my House-keeping, and at spare times to find out work for my Maids.

Val. I hope you wou'd not have me take care of that, and manage the Maids into the Bargain.

Bon. No, Son, but to bring in one to do it.

Val. Methinks *Favourite* can do that well, she can scold I'm sure, and they say that's one good Property of a House-keeper.

Fav. Can she so, she hath not given you half your due yet, because she wou'd not have had you thought she could scold; but you may have cause to say it e'er I am two days older, if I catch your Boy at the Cream pot, or Dogs in the Dairy. [*Aside.*

Bon. You mistake me still, Son, methinks you are now of Years sufficient to marry, and I know not of any natural Infirmity that should hinder you, yet I don't see any token that you think of it.

Val. They say, Marriage is out of Fashion.

Bon. I know not the Fashion, and I know no Fashion ought to be contrary to the Rules Nature hath prescrib'd; for in all lawful things we may follow the Dictates of Nature.

B 2

Val. Then

Val. Then 'tis natural to take a Wife and keep her while we affect her, and when we like another Woman better, turn off the first and take the latter, and that the Law will not allow.

Bon. No, Son, that's only of depraved Nature, our wild Affections must be govern'd by Reason and with Judgment, weighing the Good and Evil that attend the satisfying of them.

Val. The Matrimonial Load is too much for me to lug about.

Bon. Wedlock duly entred into is so far from being a Load, that it's the Ease of all our Business, the Center we aim at, and till we hit are never at rest: In those that despise Marriage, it's seldom but such desire Society and Company with Women, but taking the wrong Course, that is, only of satisfying their sensual Appetites (which must be with wild Women) they can expect to reap no better Fruit, than in the end to abhor all Women kind; but as to the Burthen, I'll give you the meanest Example imaginable, by which you may make worthier Observations. Have you not seen a poor Pedlar and his Wife, one carry the Pack one while, and the other another while?

Val. Ay, and a Child or two into the Bargain.

Bon. Yes, and they wou'd rather leave their Pack, tho' it be all their Estate, than that Child.

Val. Let who will take the Pack for my part.

Bon. Son, you speak not experimentally.

Val. Nor do desire.

Bon. But I that have can tell you, when my Husband had met with Crosses, and came home sad and dejected, as I soon perceiv'd in his Countenance, so I cou'd suddenly cure him; and when my self have been vex'd, as soon as ever I communicated to my Husband my Thoughts, I was at ease and well.

Val. But where lay the weight then?

Bon. It was vanish'd, the Stone that one cou'd not stir, put both our Hands to it was overturn'd suddenly.

Val. I care for no body's turning Stones with me. [*Aside.*] Madam, my Father's Ashes I honour, and your self, I hope, you always see I do, but such two are rare to find; there was a mutual Harmony (as I have often heard and partly seen) betwixt
all

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all your Actions, that your very Servants danc'd in doing their Business, keeping time to your Musick. But you have heard of our Neighbours, *Honestus* and *Furiosa*, he a peaceable Man, and she made up with Discord, that when she had frighted Husband, Children and Servants out of doors, wou'd scold twelve hours with the Walls.

Bon. There are many that live as my Husband and my self did; but he, good Man, had many Misfortunes in the World, and she of a proud and haughty Spirit, and cou'd not bear it, then she wou'd fly out into Extravagancies.

Val. I am sure to have her was his greatest Misfortune.

Bon. I grant it, but if a Storm catch you one day abroad, will you ever keep House, lest you shou'd meet with the like? I hope there's few of her Temper, and besides, a good Husband makes a good Wife: There might be some fault on the Man's side.

Val. And if two Faults meet we may sure call that a breaking.

Bon. That does not always follow, doth not different Sounds make the best Musick; that Frailty that the one finds himself apt to fall into, makes his Reason allow the other the same. Some grains of Allowance must be, or else being equally match'd, the Balance is even betwixt them, and so it's just Gold weight. But as there is not that evenness of Temper in some as there is in others; yet there's a thing call'd Love, which not only covereth those petty Mistakes, but makes every thing delightful that passes betwixt them. The true cause of all Differences is only want of true Love, and the cause of that is chiefly because Men and Women let their Affections and Appetites grow loose and ungovern'd.

Val. Ay, marry where they love to such a liking.

Enter Latitat.

Latit. By your leave, good Mrs. *Bonona*, your Servant, and noble *Valentine* I kiss your Hand; truly, Sir, if I had not seen you here I shou'd scarcely have known you. Why, Madam, he's grown a Man ready for Marriage, is he not that way dispos'd? You know your Husband left me Trustee to his Estate, and the Heir follows the Estate; trust me, I'll provide a Match for

for him, a dainty young Lady, either with or worth her weight in Gold.

Bon. I thank you for your kind Offer, Mr. *Latitat*, but you know I eas'd you of the Trouble of the Estate, and I hope my Son, when he sees convenient, will provide himself a Wife.

Latit. Ay, ay, but a good helping Hand, Madam, will do no hurt you know, I'm interwoven with many Gentlemens Estates, that I have them and their Daughters at disposal; I also have a compleat Survey of every Man's Lands, Monies, nay, the very Qualities and Conditions of their Daughters for a great part of this Province; then my Credit will prevail, so they'll take my Report of your Estate without ever viewing it. I can (tho' it be a fair one) double it, then draw the Writings in a trice, that they shall marry before it takes Air, and the Job once done, you know is done for ever.

Bon. aside. Right Lawyer! Truly, Sir, I do not find my Son inclinable in the least, but ———

Latit. When he is I shall hear of you, my House is well known, there's a great deal of Company attend me there when I come from the Term, it is a Market, a little Fair.

Bon. I hope you sell 'em good Penny-worths, Sir.

Latit. Yes, yes, there's good Bargains drove betwixt us, they never complain; some I sell Papers to, some I buy Lands of; I have now good store of Farms, I am forc'd (and will do, tho' I borrow my self) to help Persons to Moneys that are in straits, and ease them of their Lands. There's some People of Quality, Madam, do not know how to manage their Estates, what shoud' such do with them, I ease them.

Bon. But pray, Sir, have a care of over-burthening your self.

Latit. O, Madam, a Lawyer's Conscience is seldom overburthen'd, I have practis'd it so long it's become habitual; at first I cou'd swallow it well enough, but sometimes it stuck a little in my Maw, gave a prick or two, at length I took one Dose of *Hobbes's Leviathan*, it clear'd my Stomach, and made it afterwards go down as glibly. ——— I can swallow a whole Mannor, Wood and all, and digest it too as easie as I cou'd drink a Bottle of your good Wine.

Bon. You

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Bon. You cannot swallow that before you have it.

Latit. I never went a dry from your House.

Bon. But thirsty sometimes, I believe. [*Aside.*] *Favourite.*

Enter Favourite.

Bon. Here, fetch a Bottle of Wine.

Latit. Well, Madam, you say he's not dispos'd to marry yet, when he is let me hear, I'll do his Business.

Val. His own he means.

[*Aside.*

Enter Favourite with a Bottle and Glass.

Val. Mr. *Latitat* your Health.

[*Drinks.*

Latit. Sir, your very humble Servant. — Madam, here's to your Fire-side, and may you live to be a great Grand-mother. [*Going to drink.*] Faith, I cannot chuse but wonder, that having so much Wealth, you have the Wit to understand for whom you got it. — Few such Mothers! [*Drinks.*

Bon. I have so much Wit to understand it shall not be spent in the Law.

Latit. I never knew a rich Woman a Wit before in my Life. — This is brisk Wine, come, Mistress, give me the other Glass, it will send me going.

Val. Pray Heav'n it may.

[*Aside.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a Countryman below desires to speak with you.

Latit. With me! call him to the Door. [*Exit Servant.*] Pray, Mistress, fill me a Glass of Wine, I had almost forgot to drink my young Master's Health, you'll pledge me, Madam.

Bon. You're to be commended, Sir, Wine will raise your Spirits, and make you discharge the rotten Wood you swallow'd, your Stomach is overburthen'd. — Oh! how I loath the Sin of Drunkenness. [*Aside.*

Enter a Countryman.

Latit. Well, what's your Business with me? [*The Countryman whispers.*] Odso, are they there? Here's a Tester for the good News.

Countrym. Bless your Honour.

[*Exit.*

Latit. This Fellow has brought me rare News, excellent News, News fit —

Val. For

Val. For what?

Latit. To be conceal'd. — Sir *Thomas Counterfeit*, and my Lord *Forge* stay for me in the Market at the *Bull-head*. — Madam, I beg your pardon. The Exigence of their Affairs robs you of your Friend, who is truly ready and able to serve you and your Son, and wou'd not have him bashful. [*Going out.* You were speaking, Madam, how good Wine was to discharge over-burthen'd Stomachs, therefore pray, Mistress, let's have the other Glas. [*She fills to the brim.*] You have a Design upon me, ha, Mistress *Favourite*.

Fav. You and your Designs may go together, Mr. Lawyer.

[*She sets the Bottle down.*]

Latit. What, Mistress, do you keep the bottom of the Bottle for Duck Sauce?

Fav. That's for such thirsty Rogues as you.

Latit. I've no need to hunt for drink.

Fav. No, thou art for whole Estates, Mannors, or such like.

Latit. What! do you think I came hither to be the Jest of your greasy House-keeper. [*She laughs at him.*] S'death, if it were not a Dishonour I wou'd kick thee.

Fav. If your Valour lies in your Legs, I'll try whether a blow or two will raise it.

[*She throws down the Table and Bottle at him.*]

Latit. Udsbud, you Jade, you've broke my Toes. — This is a Contrivance of yours, Madam.

Fav. Be gone, Lawyer, or I will ring thee such a Peal, thou shalt confess the troubled Sea more calm, that Thunder with less Violence cleaves the Air. — I can talk, Heav'n be prais'd, for Tongue no Woman in all *Billingsgate* is better weapon'd. [*Aside.*]

Latit. You scold well, Mistress, farewell, Screech Owl. [*Exit.*]

Fav. Farewel, Knave. — I'll follow you. [*Exit.*]

Val. A right Name for all Lawyers.

Bon. Let me advise you Son, to beware of him, he hath some Design of a Wife for you, and a part out of her Portion for himself; for such Fellow's Courtesies are but Veils for their Knavery.

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Val. I believe I shall not trouble him on that account, I'm glad we're rid of him.

Enter Favourite laughing.

Fav. He went away swearing that such prodigious Affronts merited severe Punishment; I plainly told him he was a cheating Rascal, and if he tarry'd any longer I would publish his Knavery to all the World: He was enrag'd at this Answer, and begun to storm like an Irish Priest; at last I downright told him he was a Knave in Grain, had as much Impudence, and as little Understanding as a Horse-racer; no more Honour than a Scotch Lord, no more Honesty than a French Taylor, and no more Religion than an English Whore or a canting Informer: What would I give to see this Fellow condemn'd, hang'd, and anatomiz'd, that the World might once behold the inside of a Lawyer! and in this reforming Age I'm sure we shou'd have his dying Speech read in the Courts of *Westminster* for a Warning to all Pettifoggers, ev'n from the furr'd Gown down to the crop-ear'd Clerk.

Val. Hang the insignificant Rascal, let's talk no more of him, be gone, *Favourite.*

Fav. I fly, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Val. Madam, when he interrupted our Discourse you were speaking how happy Love made Marriage, but I'm sure I can see many made unhappy by Love; that it shou'd have so good an effect in Marriage, and so ill in a single state is somewhat strange; neither I think can the future good of it recompence the evil, or make amends for the Mischiefs it draws one into before. It's certainly worse than *Latitat's* swallowing Estates, for it destroys the very Qualities of Men, transforms them into the likeness of the Object belov'd, be it what it will.

Bon. That which you speak of is generally a Love begotten betwixt Lust and Idleness, and not a true Love, grounded on Reason and Discretion, as that ought to be betwixt Man and Wife, wherein there is an Union of Soul and Bo-

C

dy,

dy, and before Marriage a generous Inclination plac'd on a due Object, exalts the Mind, and puts Men on the greatest and noblest Atchievements, to appear more conspicuous in the Apprehension of their beloved.

Val. But it seems to me that Womens Desires and Delights are chiefly in such Follies, that he that exercises himself in matters acceptable to them, must quit his Reason, become effeminate, renounce him all that's worthy, and the very means to enoble his Mind and Name, and gives a loose to all Vanities, if not Extravagancies.

Bon. Oh! No, Son, you well know a Kite never brought forth a good flying Hawk, and if there be a noble Tendency in Mens Spirits, certainly the Fountain whence such Streams flow must not be impure. There are Women that have pass'd through all those noble Exercises which dignifie the Sons of Men, and it may well be that such extraordinary Products are more rare in their Sex, since there are not those Seminaries or Nurseries for their Education as there are for Men, neither are they call'd forth to make their Worth publick; yet there are many, very many that apply themselves to Learning in private, and have a true Nobleness of Mind. Others shew their Prudence and Goodness in managing the Affairs they are intrusted in, but being confin'd for the most part to their Family Concerns, it cannot give that publick Ostentation as Mens Wisdom doth. — Yet Virtue and Goodness appear so frequently among them, as if they were the Fabricks the Graces chiefly delighted to dwell in.

Val. Such a one were worth finding, but —

Bon. Time and Opportunity may find you such a one.

Val. I must meet some Gentlemen this Ev'ning to go a hawking. — I despair of finding such a Mistress. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

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SCENE, *a Market appears at some distance.*

Enter Friendlove, Constant, Sprightly.

Friend. How goes the Market, *Constant*?

Const. Faith, *Friendlove*, I can't tell, I'm but new come to Town.

Spright. The Horse Fair's scarcely begun yet, I must be there if it be to buy a Horse to run away on.

Friend. You do not intend to do it privately, *Sprightly*, it seems, that you proclaim it.

Spright. No, though I have little to leave behind, or carry with me, yet I have not sold my Honesty and Conscience, and so I care not who knows it. If you are at Leisure, Gentlemen, shall I have your Assistance, a Jury is but needful to pass a Verdict on Horse-flesh, and it may be, prove an *ignoramus* too.

Const. I attend you.

[*To Sprightly.*

Friend. You'll excuse me, I must attend on my Mistress.

Spright. You have a blow'd Fac'd Heifer then to buy yet, but you may chance on a milch or barren Cow, the Market's deceitful, buy at home.

Enter Latitat with Papers, walking about the Room.

Latit. This is my Room, Gentlemen, I'd wish you to forbear it.

Const. I love to see Horses, what wou'd you buy?

[*To Sprightly.*

Latit. Don't you know me a Man of Business, I have People come to me on the concern of their whole Estates.

Spright. I'd buy a pacing Gelding, for I have done hunting.

Friend. What! you intend to set up for a fat Alderman then.

Latit. I tell you it's my Room, I had the Possession of it first

The Lawyer's Fortune, or,

Const. What impudent Fellow is this ?

Latit. A Lawyer, Sir, don't you see Buchram ?

Spright. Is't possible ! Sir, I took you for a Taylor, or an Alderman.

Latit. Sir, I'm no Alderman, for you see my Head without Horns.

Const. By your old fashion'd Garb, and your Assurance, one would take you for a Country Justice, ha, ha, ha.

Latit. Sir, I'm no Country Justice, I can speak Sense. — Don't think to play upon me, Gentlemen, this is my Room, I had the Possession of it first.

Spright. And thou shalt keep it.

Friend. What if we put a Trick upon him. *Aside to*
[Constant and Sprightly.]

Const. With all my heart.

Friend. It will make rare sport.

Const. We'll do it. [*Whispers, pulls a Cord from behind the door, and he and Const. lay hold on Lat. and bind him in the Chair.*]

Lat. What do ye mean, Gentlemen ? here Drawer. [*Lat. knocks.*]

Drawer without. Coming, coming, Sir.

Enter Drawer.

Spright. You Dog, get down. [*Offers to kick the Drawer, and shuts the Door on him.*]
[*Friendlove, Constant, Sprightly laugh and point at Latitat, and drink to him.*]

Friend. If it be your Room pay the Reckoning. — Learn Manners there. [*Exeunt all but Latitat who knocks.*]

Latit. What ! no body come ! these Fops have feed the Drawer, here I must sit till I have cool'd my Heels. [*Walks about with the Chair at his Back.*]
No body dare come ; if I catch these Birds in my Net I'll plume 'em and bite 'em too. — Well, I'll lay a Trap.

Enter Countryman.

Countrym. Bless your Worship. [*Bows — starts and laughs, Then offers to come and unbind him.*]

Latit. Let me alone, Sirrah ; call up the Drawer. [*Exit Countryman.*]
I'll make 'em rue it. — Bind me here, lay violent Hands on me. *Enter*

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Enter Countryman and Drawer.

Latit. Dost hear, Drawer, Didst not thou see the Gentlemen lay violent Hands on me, and bind me?

Draw. No, Sir.

Latit. No, Sir, how so, Sir?

Draw. I offer'd to come in, and they kick'd me in their Frolicks.

Latit. Who kick'd you? what's his Name?

Draw. O, Sir, his Name is —— his Name is — Faith, I forgot, can you tell, Countryman?

Countrym. If I am not mistaken I saw him at Mrs. Bonnona's House when I deliver'd you the Message.

Latit. Then it must be *Sprightly*.

Draw. He made haste after you, Sir, ha, ha.

Latit. Curse on his haste. — May all —— But I'll not waste my Curses on a Country Squire; had my Friends come whom I appointed, how contemptible had I look'd, I had been made the common Sport of every sneering Serjeant. — Well, do thou bear witness for me, and I will for thee; both of you bear witness I'm bound, cannot write nor use my Hands, I'll plague him, now untie me. [*The Countryman lets him loose.*]

Draw. I cannot bear witness what I did not see.

Latit. Did I see thee kick'd, no. — Yet I wou'd have you sue him, and I'll bear witness, tho' I did not see it.

Draw. O rare Lawyer! for all your suing you're like to pay the Reckoning. [*Aside.*]

Countrym. Sir, I have been abus'd too, and desire your Worship to grant me a *Quo minus* presently, I'm the Observer's Countryman, and I'll arrest him before he goes home. What do you think he did by me, Sir? —— Sir, he did use me, good Lord, how he did use me!

Latit. Prithee how?

Countrym. He took my Oaken Towel from me, and almost broke my Head. —— Sir, wou'd you believe it, I ask'd in very civil words what he meant by it. —— And what do you

you think his Answer was? He told me I was a Scoundrel, a Whiggish Son of a Whore, —— as I hope to be sav'd 'tis true.

Latit. Did he strike thee? ——— Very fine!

Countrym. I did feel no Blows, but he wou'd have struck me had not the Crowd been so great he cou'd not have room to take his Blow, so I escap'd.

Latit. Here, take this, and give it a Bailiff quickly.

[*Latit. takes a Paper and writes in*

it, and gives it to the Countryman.

Countrym. What must I give you, Sir? [*Pulls out a Purse.*

Latit. Ten Shillings and two Pence in all.

Countrym. How, Sir! that's more than I am worth.

Latit. Six Shillings and eight Pence the Writ, two Shillings and six Pence the Warrant, twelve Pence for Postage, and don't I deserve twelve Pence for Expedition; come, give me ten Shilling, I'll bate the two Pence.

Countrym. Your Post is swift indeed, a Pox take it.

Latit. Thou Blockhead, if I had not one ready I must have sent by Post, then thou hadst staid a Week longer, and have paid so then. Dost not know what is for thy Advantage.

Countrym. Ten Shillings, that's all I sold my Pigs for, and Joan will beat me with the Bed-staff when I come home and bring no Money for her Pigs.

Latit. Dost prate, I'll make it cost thee double as much.

Countrym. Pray, Sir, take it, put me out of your Books, it's dangerous, I hear, to come there. [*Gives the Money.*] It's more than my Club was worth, I was not beaten at all.

Latit. Dost prate still, Rascal, be gone. [*Exit Countryman.*

Latit. This wou'd have been cold by next Market-day, I must time every thing right. [*Looks for Wine in the Bottle, gets up and walks.*] Now I think on't I had best be gone, lest they come again and bind me Neck and Heels together.

[*Going.*
Enter

Love in a Hollow Tree.

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Enter Drawer with a Bill and gives it Latitat, who stares.

Latit. How, Sir! Wine 3s. — a Leg o' Mutton 4s. — Tarts 1s. — Bread and Beer 1s. 2d. — a Cord 1s. — in all 10s. 2d.

Draw. Don't I deserve 12d. for Expedition.

Latit. O, by all means, take your Cord back again, that's a Shilling. *[Strikes him.]*

Draw. Hold, hold, Sir, give me 10s. my Master will bate the 2d.

Latit. Indeed, Sir, you shall take it, give my Service to your Master, — and tell him the Gallows is all the Inheritance he was born to. I have yet some Remains of hope to get away without paying. *[Aside. Goes towards the Door.]* Thou art a very pretty Lad, always laughing; 'tis you handsome Drawers that win the Womens Hearts.

Draw. We endeavour to oblige our Company.

Latit. Next time I come here you and I must be better acquainted. — Faith we will; you are very handsome, have a care of wenching, 'twill spoil a good Face. *[Exit Lat.]*

Draw. Stop him, stop him, make him pay at the Bar. *[Exit Draw.]*

Enter Friendlove leading Candia.

Friend. How is it possible for me to recompence this Favour!

Cand. Your coming is full Pay, Sir.

Friend. How do you think your Father stands affected, may I break it to him yet.

Cand. I have taken Opportunities to mention your Name, and I find he has a good Opinion of you, but I'd have it broke by some Friend; *Latitat* the Lawyer has been proposing Matches to my Father for me, but our Neighbour *Pondrus*, if you're acquainted with him, I know none better.

Friend. Truly, Madam, your Freeness doth lay infinite Obligations on me; as for that Petty-fogger I bound him in this Chair within this half hour.

Cand. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter

*Enter Drawer.**Friend.* How come *Latitat* unbound, *Drawer*?*Draw.* He had continu'd till now for me chasing, and knocking, and dancing with the Chair at's Back, if a Countryman had not come and let him loose; he knock'd and call'd, and I wou'd suffer none to go up. He rail'd and swore I should sue *Sprightly* for kicking me, and he'd be witness tho' he did not see it, and I must be witness of his binding.*Friend.* And so you made a Bargain, did ye?*Draw.* I scorn, Sir, to affront Gentlemen so, if he had hang'd and choak'd till I set him loose, his Trade shou'd have been spoil'd. — But for all his damming I met him coming down and made him pay the Reckoning for the Wine you had.*Friend.* Th'art an honest Fellow, here's something for thee.*[Gives him Money, exit Drawer.]**Friend.* I doubt not but to prevail with *Wiseman* cordially to propose the matter to your Father.*Can.* And I'll find means to have it seconded, and if I follow not the usual course of our Sex (which is) not to seem forward in our own Wishes, impute it to that which is my usual course in other matters, to tell my downright meaning, and withal that I honour you so, that I wou'd not have you toil all night, and remain in doubt whether you got a Maidenhead at last. I'll reserve your Pains till another time; take the truth of my Heart, tho' I blush to own it.*Friend.* Dear Madam, never Man was so happy in a Mistress as I am, and the Obligations that you lay on me have kindled such a Fire in my Soul, as cannot be extinguish'd but in the Abyss of Bliss.*[Friendlove embraceth Candia.]**Cand.* Be not too violent at first.

Love in young Breasts like Poison swells all Parts,

When two Months Marriage may cure both our Hearts.

[Exeunt.]

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, a Room.

Furiosa sitting in a Chair carding Wool, dress'd untow'r'dly, her Daughter Florida sitting by a Candle at a little Table, working on a Parchment very clean and neat, a Maid spinning on a long Wheel.

Flor. **M**Ethinks, Mother, we live very strangely since my Father's Death, no Company comes near us, nor do we ever go abroad.

Fur. Don't tell me, I have not been in a condition (thank *Latitat*) to entertain Neighbours, and if I visit, I must expect the like. No, your Father hath left you Land enough, which I have clear'd, and I wou'd have some Money for you, and when I'm dead do as you please.

Flor. If no body must come near us I shall be dead first, and then my Cousin *Sprightly*, who hath little Estate left now, will have the Land as Heir, and *Latitat* will swallow it after the rest of his, and turn you out of Doors, for this is not your Jointure House.

Fur. You take great care of me, but the chief end is your own, I believe; you'd have some Lovers come (pretty Heart) if I had seen you had been fit for that I shou'd have taken care of it before now; but tho' you have Years to be wiser, yet I see —

Flor. That I have patiently waited a great while, however, a little Society with our Neighbours our Estates may sometimes bear, and not be indiscreet.

[A knocking at the Door.

Fur. Who should knock at the Door here after Night! leave thy Wheel, call the Men and the great Dog; go see

D

who's

who's there, but let no body in till you bring me word who it is, and whence he comes, and peep thro' the Key-hole, and see whether it be one or more, and whether they be Men or Women. *[Exit Maid.]*

Flor. If this should be a Gentleman, Mother, such strict Examination is the way to fright him away; and if others, it's the way to make 'em think you have Money, and put Designs into their Heads.

Fur. What hath any one to do to come to me, if I had any Business with them, I'd send for 'em.

Enter Maid.

Maid. There's only one Gentleman, he saith his Name is *Valentine*, your Neighbour, and desires to see you.

Fur. I have no Business with him, let him go home, and if he have any with me, come again to morrow.

Flor. I hope, Mother, you'll be more civil, I'll go let him in. *[Takes the Light and goes out.]*

Fur. This foolish Girl will have her way; here, take my Cards, and put away thy Wheel. *[The Maid does it, and Furiosa begins to set her Head and Cloaths in order.]*

Enter Florida and Valentine.

Val. to Fur. It was my Fortune, Madam, to lose my Hawk to day, and in pursuit of her I was benighted and lost, and seeing a Light in your House, I made bold to draw nearer, and crave leave to repose my self.

Fur. Sir, my House is no Inn, but your Father and my Husband often met at the Assizes and Sessions, and were very intimate; I have known your Mother too, and I believe was at your Christning: You are welcome, Sir, pray where did you lose your self?

Val. Had I known that, it's possible I might have got into my way again, but crossing over Grounds in the Pursuit, I was out of my Knowledge when Night overtook me.

Fur. Will you sit down, Sir? Peg, reach a Chair, *Florida*, some Sack, a Glass of that after your Rambles may not be amiss. *[Exit Florida.]* Since your Father and my Husband

Husband died I know not what will become of this Country, I am afraid to lie in Bed it abounds so with Rogues and Whore-Masters, and no body takes care to suppress them; my Maids can't go to milk in quiet, I had two or three got with Child in a little time; nay, I can scarce keep a Goose or a Turkey in Safety for them.

Val. Those are ill things, could they be remedied it were well.

Fur. I'd remedy 'em with a Vengeance if I had to do; my Husband was a Justice of the Peace, a Bustler for Reformation, and then they durst not look this way.

Enter Florida with a little white Bottle about a Pint, and an old fashion Glass, fills and gives her Mother, she drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, she to him again, he to Furiosa, who sets it down on the Table.

Flor. Will it please you to take a Seat? [*All sit.*]

Val. Every Command of yours, Madam, shall be obey'd.

Fur. Is your Mother alive and hearty? It is so long, alas, since I have seen any of my Neighbours, that I have quite forgot 'em.

Val. I cou'd heartily wish your Acquaintance with my Mother might be renewed.

Fur. Truly, Sir, I hope to go abroad more than I have done of late, but *Latitat* had got a footing into my Estate, and he hung on't more than another could a done with both Feet and Hands: I was forc'd to live sparing till I had got Money to pay him off, and most of it was Bills of Business done for my Husband; but with that and a little Money he paid for my Husband he made up a round Sum, and had a Mortgage of my two best Farms, and it had like to have eat up the rest, but I have clear'd all now, tho' I liv'd close for it, and have spun and carded my self these seven Years. — Well, it is my Bed time, but my Daughter will shew you the way to yours, for I know you wou'd willingly be in it.

Val. You could not, Madam, have vouchsaf'd me a greater Favour in the condition I am in.

Fur. Ay, ay, I am sensible of every one's condition, and love to pleasure my Friend. [*Exit Fur. and Maid.*]

Flor. Pray, Sir, keep your Seat, and I'll return immediately. [*Exit Flor.*]

Val. Pagan that I am! that I shou'd have such Thoughts of Women, betwixt whom there is as great Disparity as betwixt Light and Darknes, seen here in Mother and Daughter: And that ever such a Lady shou'd be cub'd up in such a Little Ease, who on this first sight I have had of her, have seen so much of Courtesie and Amiableness. — She could not thrust in a word before such a Beldam, but every Look, Motion, nay, her sitting still spake, what will her Converse be for an Hour, a Day, nay, what for one's Life! But I, Wretch, am confounded, my Spirits struck dead; certainly every Change to a new Condition transforms a Person, and brings a Death upon his Spirits; I can feel some workings within me, some tokens of Life, but so crowded, they are not able to move, they are strangled, all my Faculties of Soul and Body move in a Disorder; and whence comes this? I have seen Ladies before now as comely and beautiful, as full of graceful Aspect (Did I say so—thou liest, Recreant,) yet those have never rais'd this Conflict upon me; sure she put a Spell into the Wine, some Magick Art she hath: No, no, nothing impure can rest in her, it must be a sympathetical, a magnetick Quality, hard Steel turns to the Iron, tho' insensible.

Enter Florida and Maid.

Flor. A cold Supper, Sir, is better than none.

Val. You have, Madam, entertain'd me with all that's desirable already. There's Heat enough in me to digest an Adamant. [*Aside.*]

Flor. Ha, ha, ha, a poor Glas of Sack, Sir!

Val. Ay, but —

Flor. Such Guests come so seldom hither, that you must not expect any thing prepar'd. *Val.*

Love in a Hollow Tree.

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Val. Madam, I find more than I could expect.

Flor. Pray, Sir, then take what is here in good part, and shew it by your Acceptance.

Val. Truly, Madam, I have no Stomach to any Meat, but to comply with you.

[Sits at the Table, offers to eat but can't.

Flor. Are you well, Sir?

Val. Sweet Lady, I'm well, well because in your Company; but so ill, that nothing can cure me but what you may apply.

Flor. Peg, go up and help my Mother to Bed, she has done Prayers.

[Exit Maid.

Val. You have bereft me of my Senses, or have satisfy'd them so, that nothing else is acceptable to me but to see, and hear, be in your Company, and be your Servant and Slave for ever.

Flor. It would be Happiness enough to me to have your Acquaintance, that we might not live as Strangers, being not above three Miles distance, and one whom I have heard so well of, that I think my self honour'd to enjoy it.

Val. Acquaintance or Company, the Favour is on my part to beg, and for that — and such — I am your most humble Suppliant.

Flor. Society is certainly one part of the Happiness of Mankind, when there may be Freedom and Intercourse of Business, Recreations and Discourse, whereby we may advise in Concerns, communicate Mirth in our Sports, or improve Knowledge in Talk. To you that enjoy the full of it, possibly it may not be so grateful, however it would be Charity to me that am so destitute.

Val. You are so happy in your self that you need no Society to augment it; I through want of those Accomplishments that are gain'd by it, have entertain'd it; but to be admitted into yours, and to have leave to attend you here, or be happy elsewhere, would be giving me a new Life,
without

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without which I am to be no more.

Flor. A thing so desirable to me is easily granted at all times, neither should the setting Stars prevent me of enjoying it now, but I find you are not well, and I would not rob you of that Repose that may refresh you after your Day's Travel; my Mother is, I confess at present scrupulous of Company, but if you come a hawking this way in an Evening or Morning, you may find me in the Grove not a quarter of a Mile from the House.

Val. I confess, Madam, I never desir'd a greater Happiness in my Life than the Enjoyment of your Company, yet never so unfit for it as now; but since you so generously give me that Encouragement, Life, I hope, will remain to make me happy.

Flor. Then be rul'd by me now, and I will be your Debtor for a future Interview.

Val. Madam, I am wholly yours. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *a Room.*

Enter Wealthy and Servant.

Wealthy. Set me a Chair here, this Observator is a most ingenious Fellow, and writes to the Level of us Country People, I hate Expresses that are fill'd with nothing but hard words. [*The Servant gives one, sits down, pulls out his Spectacles and begins to read.*

Enter Wiseman.

Wisem. Save you, Neighbour.

Wealthy. My good Neighbour, I thank you, I'm glad to see you, *Will.* reach a Chair, pray sit down by me.

[*The Servant doth, he sits, exit Servant.*

Wisem. If a Month pass and I not see you, I think the time long.

Wealthy.

Love in a Hollow Tree.

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Wealthy. If we should not meet and call to mind past matters we were to blame.

Wisem. We can't rejoice in the hopes of much to come in this World, Travel is past with us ; and as we encrease in Age, so we are neglected by the Sparks that know how the World passeth.

Wealthy. I am glad we have both been guided so in our Affairs, that we can look back with Satisfaction.

Wisem. And to look back on the Face of the World yields more Content, than for ought I can apprehend it will do to look forward.

Wealthy. The Scene seems to be much changed.

Wisem. In our Days young Gentry apply'd themselves to Learning, and for their Recreation to Hunting or Shooting, or other manly Exercises ; and so did the meaner sort as was suitable to their Conditions, and all carry'd on with Peace and a Love of Truth, and a feditious Fellow or an Oppressor was a By-word ; and a debauch'd Person, a Scorn to all Companies.

Wealthy. Ay, Sir, but now you see if a Man run not into the Excess of some Vice, he's reckon'd a tame Fool, and of small Account.

Wisem. And with Impudence in it too, there were always Vices but they were in private ; but how it comes to pass that Mens Company should be sought, and they reverenc'd according to their Excesses therein, I wonder.

Wealthy. It certainly shews that the generality, tho' they are not grown so harden'd in it, yet have a secret Love and liking to it, and encourage others in that which their own very natural Principles or Designs will not allow themselves ; for my part the remembrance of my Son's hast'ning his end by luxurious Courses, hath almost made me retire out of the World, and I have enough of it if I cou'd but see *Candia* well marry'd.

Wisem. And truly a Person worthy of her is rarely to be found, I know no Man hath given that Experience of a
civil

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civil and temperate course of Life than our Neighbour *Friendlove*, who by his good Husbandry, without any by-ways, hath improv'd his Estate. And tho' his Estate doth not fully answer yours, yet he that can live under what he hath, may live more comfortable than they that have greater Revenues, and are in a course of living above it: But his and your Estate join'd together will make a handsome Revenue.

Wealthy. I have heard very well of him, but have little Acquaintance with the Gentleman, for his Father (you know) was a High-Flier, of a different Humour from us, and so wedded to his own Opinion, that his Company was troublesome, and tho' I never avoided it, as Opportunity brought us together, yet I never coveted it.

Wise. I knew it very well; and tho' sometimes Children take after their Fathers, yet it's more often found that Sons are of a much different Humour from their Parents; whether they heard their Fathers Faults exclaim'd, on so that they are careful to avoid them, or whether living with them (as he always did) they are not apt to have a secret Emulation to out do or excel their Fathers, or whether themselves were most afflicted by their Father's Irregularities, and so detest their ways, I know not; but I think *Friendlove* a worthy Man, and, as the World goes, to be priz'd.

Wealthy. Now you speak of Men and Marriages, I hear *Valentine*, who was esteem'd almost a Contemner of the Female Sex, is fall'n in Love with the fair *Florida*, and hath invited my Daughter to Day to be merry with the young Folks.

Wise. *Friendlove* is intimate with *Valentine*, and may very likely be there, and you know *Bonona* is always glad to see her Neighbours; let you and I meet at her House, and go there to entertain her, and you will see the Gentlemen's Behaviour, and we'll discourse more of the matter. For now I'll tell you, *Friendlove* requested me to
propose

propose it to you, and professeth very great Respect for your Daughter.

Wealthy, I'll give you the Meeting.

Wisem. I was willing to know what Apprehensions you had of the Man before I brake it, and I lookt upon it so considerable, that in respect of our long Friendship I easily agreed to be the Nuncio in it.

Wealthy, I thank you for your good Wishes.

Wisem. I will not fail of Meeting you to day, till then adieu.

Wealthy, Nay, lets walk into the little Room and take a Pipe together, and I'll call my Daughter, and we'll feel how her pulse beats, and give her so much Light, as that she may beautifie herself fit for such a Meeting, and by what we get from her, know the better how to proceed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, III. *By drawing aside the last Scene appears a Garden beautify'd with Statues upon Pedestals, and a Fountain at the farther End thereof, &c.*

Enter Valentine and Bonona well dress'd.

Bon. Did you send to *Friendlove*, and other Neighbouring Gentlemen? I wish we have a handsome Company of Friends.

Val. Yes, Mother, I sent to him and *Constant*, and *Candia* and others, and pray'd their Company, and wish't if they had any Friends at their House to bring them along.

Bon. It's very well done, you know I have not wasted your Estate with frequent Entertainments, but I love sometimes to see our Neighbours; and if we provide for half a dozen, the same will as well entertain half a score, and I'd have all of suitable Condition, that none may take Exception; for tho' I'm not equally intimate with all, yet

by leaving out one, it may beget distaste, which at length may come to a Breach ; and, Son, you'll find it not only convenient to have a fair Correspondence with all your Neighbours, but to use all ordinary Ways to oblige 'em. Your Counsels and privacies let some few only be partakers of ; and those such that have giv'n proof of their Sincerity, and are able to assist and advise you in Difficulties ; for in the Affairs of this World, there's no Man but will some time or other stand in need of such.

Enter Favourite.

Fav. Mistress, shall I put any Mushrooms, Mangoes or Bamboons into the Sallet ?

Ban. Yes, I prithee, the best thou hast.

Fav. Shall I use Ketchop or Anchovis in the Gravy ?

Ban. What you will.

Fav. Sure here's somebody extraordinary [*Aside.*] Sir, you are very fine. (to *Valentine*) Surely, surely, you may look farther and fare worse, I am sure you won't have better Flesh. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit.*]

Val. Mother, you were pleased to discourse with me t'other Day about Marriage. Your Advice in that hath made a strong Impression on me ; its not so much for *Furiosa's* entertaining me that I entreated their Invitation, as it is to entertain *Florida* ; but before there be any farther Proceeding, I desir'd you should know her, and give me your Blessing in it.

Ban. You have not only, dear Son, eas'd me of the Grief and Anxiety of Mind, which your last Discourse struck me with, but fill'd me with such Joy, that your meeting her here only will be a greater Festival to me than my own Wedding Day. A virtuous Lady, and a fair Estate, two Blessings seldom come together.

Enter at the lower end of the Walk, Constant and his Wife and Sister, Clara and Friendlove.

Val. Here's Company, I must meet 'em. [*Salutes and brings them to his Mother, who receives them in like manner.*]

Ban.

Love in a Hollow Tree.

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Bon. Gentlemen and Ladies, I thank you for this Favour, I am glad you had so good a Day to walk in, pray be seated and refresh your selves.

Wife. Madam, your'e are so kind always that a small Invitation serves our turn.

Clara, And so good the Company you invite, that it's a Pleasure to attend you.

Enter Wealthy, Wiseman and Candia at the side of the Walk, Valentine and Friendlove meet them, and bring them to the other.

Wealthy, Will it not be rudeness for an old Guest to come among this Company.

Wisem. We have been as merry as they can be, and yet to see Friendship and good Hospitality is as refreshing to us —

Bon. My old Friends, and my Husband's Friends must always be acceptable to me, and our Age so well agrees that we shall entertain one another as well as the young Folks.

Wisem. Here's a Gentleman grown to great Maturity undiscern'd almost among us.

[To Wealthy taking Friendlove by the hand.]

Wealthy, Hee's so great a Husband, that he cannot spare time to visit his Neighbours.

[Musick within.]

Friend. I am unworthy, Sir, to give your Years the trouble of my Company.

Wealthy, I shall be glad, Sir, to see you at my House, for I hear you have outstript your Age in Understanding.

Friend. To be inform'd by you wou'd be a kind Entertainment.

Bon. *[To the Ladies.]* Ladies your Presence adds to the Glory of this Day, which is only splendid here by the Access of such noble Company.

Cand. It appears, Madam, that in your House the Glory of our Countrey resides; since here are the frequent Con-

junctions of the heavenly Aspects that illuminate each Quarter.

Clara, And singled out hence, are but small Lights, whose Beams give some little Succours to their peculiar Regions, and that which they do, are the borrowed Light that they receive here by Participation illuminated.

Enter at the lower end of the Walk Furiosa in an old Fashion rich Dress, and Florida rich and handsom, with Major Sly; Valentine and Constant meet them, and on either side the Ladies walk up, where the Company receive them.

Fur. [To Bonona.] It will appear strange to the whole Company to see me abroad now, who have retir'd for so long time; but as my Retirement is known to all, so be it known that my Coming hither is by your earnest, very earnest Entreaty, and to satisfy that I have not only answer'd by my own Coming, but have brought my Daughter with me, who hath not seen the Sun shine out of her own Dominions this seven Years before.

Bon. I wish she may see any Sun so like her own, as may induce her hereafter to see whether it be not alike Day Light in other parts.

Val. [To Furiosa.] It will be Day where she comes, and the Favour is inestimable that she will vouchsafe by her Approach to expel those Vapours that rise as Clouds to intercept our Sun. [To Florida.] And you have hereby laid an Obligation on me I'm incapable of returning.

Flor. The Favour is yours, Sir, that will accept of such Company.

Val. Boy, send in the Musick.

Enter Musick.

Gentlemen and Ladies shall we have a Dance.

Friendlove takes Candia, Valentine Florida, Constant his Wife. The old Persons sit down, they dance. After the Dance.

Enter Favourite. [Whispers to Bonona.]

Bon. Well, Gentlemen, can ye spare a little time to take
a short

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a short Dinner; I promise you it won't be long.

[To Furiosa, Wiseman, and Wealthy. *Exeunt om.*

Enter Sprightly dejected.

Spright. This 'tis to lose an Estate, lose an Estate and lose all, the Respect is gone with the Retinue — 'tis Wealth creates Respect — no one esteems a Man for his Virtue — but what he is worth — to have had an Estate is the way to lose Friends. But I know well *Bona-na* is so hospitable she'll bid me welcome if I go in, and I believe *Valentine* did not think I was out of Prison or else I had been invited. — My Habit is yet scarcely come to my Condition — I must undress my Mind, — yet hang't. I cannot cringe nor crave, nor creep in for a Dinner, nor become a hanger on my old Acquaintances, I'll rather seek some lawful Adventures. — There are Places at Court and the Army. — But the Devil's in't none to be had without Money. — There are also some places with Gentlemen of good worth — but who'll trust me with their Estate that could not manage my own.

Enter Latitat.

Spright. Oh! you're well met, Sir.

Latit. What, Monsieur *Sprightly*? what brings you here? you have a Design on some Lady; here's a deal o' Company within; but I fear they han't a Mind —

Spright. To entertain such a Rogue as you; Villain, thou hast undone me — Is it not enough to get my Estate but jeer me too; no I'm not Dirt for such a Wretch to trample on — I'll not be brav'd by thee.

Latit. By this Light the Man's Melancholy. What a sudden Alteration's here? all Mercury when he ty'd me in the Chair — bite — and now as grave as a French Papist that's going to the Gallows. Prithee, *Sprightly*, be not dejected: at the loss of a few dirty Acres, I thought you had been so great a Philosopher as not to be mov'd, but laugh at all your own Misfortunes.

Spright.

Spright. Hell and Furies!

Latit. Come, come, throw off this Garb of Sorrow, it as ill becomes you as a Mask does an honest Woman.

Enter Valentine with Florida in his hand, Friendlove and Candia, Constant and Clara and others.

Val. to Spright. I'm glad to see you, dear *Sprightly*, will you walk in and take what you find? would you had been here sooner.

Spright. I'd rather join Forces with you here, is there no Partner for me?

Val. If you have more mind to dance than to eat, *Constant's* Wife is within, she'll be your Partner. [*Exit. Sprightly.*

Val. to Latit. Sir, will you walk in and see who are there?

Latit. I'll go in and see what, not who's there; I know where to find the who's when I have fill'd my Belly.
[*Exit. Latit.*

Val. These fiddling Dogs must eat their Dinner too, but that we lose no time, let's have one Song before they come.

S O N G.

THe Frights of the Bottle, the Harms of ill Wine,
Are chosen by some to drive away time.

But aking the Head, and Sicknefs at Heart,

For those ill spent Hours doth make 'em to smart.

But Loves dear Enchantments, good time doth redeem,
Where no Pain, but all Pleasure is every where seen.

But, &c.

The

*The Plotters are out plotted in this and in that,
And Catch comes home merry in a new Beaver Hat.
Revenge is a Mischief that cannot be cur'd,
And Envy and Malice are not to be 'ndur'd.
Loves Plot a fair Game doth hug and Enjoy,
And drives all Revenge and Malice away.
Loves Plot, &c.*

*The Miser his Riches up sourly doth hoard,
And starves his poor Soul at Bed and at Board,
He rakes and he scrapes, and hath never Content,
At last he leaves all in an evil Moment.
But love begins well, encreaseth Revenue,
Which here and hereafter doth always continue.
But Love, &c.*

Val. Old Age is coming on, therefore let us withdraw a while.

All — Agreed.

[*Exeunt om.*]

Enter Wiseman, Wealthy, Latitat, Bonona and Furiosa.

Latit. I wonder you that are Persons of Age and great Understanding should offer to think of making Matches, and not in the first place agree how to settle the Estates in Tail upon Intail for twenty Generations: How do you know but these Gentlemen may yet prove Spend-thrifts, or if they do not, it's possible that their Son or their Son's Sons may; and then think in what a Condition your Posterities will be in, e'en like yonder poor *Sprightly*, worse than Beggars to sneak for a Dinner, want and yet not have a Face to ask any thing. Be rul'd by me, tail all, make 'em Tenants for Life, that they may not let a Foot of Land more than for a Year, and not cut a stick of Wood, no not to heat an Oven. Let 'em buy Coals and Furz, they have yet enough to pay for all.

Wisema.

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Wifem. That's juſt to have the name of an Eſtate, but no uſe of it.

Wealthy, Mine came freely to me, and when I dye ſo it ſhall go. I have often ſeen an Eſtate waſted rather than upheld by reaſon of Settlements. One Fault made by a Clerk ſets a Family together by the Ears; ſo it's ſpent: The Lawyers get the Eſtate, and the whole Family ruin'd, or upon any Accident that they have Occaſion to raiſe Money, loſe more by leaſing all, than they would do by ſelling a little out.

Fur. But, Mr. *Latitat*, is there no ſelling an Eſtate Tail?

Latit. Wou'd you ſell any, Madam?

Fur. Whether I wou'd or not, I deſire to know.

Latit. Wou'd you have my Advice.

Fur. I wou'd, Sir.

Latit. My Breath Coſts me Money to preſerve it.

Fur. You were free enough juſt now, how came you Tongue-ty'd?

Latit. Why then, let me tell you it may be, and it may not be, I can ſpeak yet, but I cannot answer your Queſtion till——

Fur. You ſee an Angel.

Latit. But if you will, where will you find any one that underſtands your Title. There have been Fines and Recovery, and Entail, and Settlements upon Settlements. Every one knows to dock a Horſe Tail, but to dock an Eſtate Tail is another piece of Buſineſs.

Fur. Well then, I'll let it alone.

Latit. Nay if you have a mind to ſell or Mortgage, I may find out a way to do it.

Fur. Why if there be ſuch Difficulty in the Matter, I'll never entail mine; I'm ſure you can make a Bill for doing it as long and as large as my Rentall.

Latit. Well, let a Man adviſe how he will, I ſee you'll all do what you pleaſe. But you know I have Kindneſs for

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kindness for all your Families ; and am able to give you Advice, having some Power in the Province so that I can maintain what I say and do. do not think I came hither to Day to eat the Gleanings? so farewell.

[*Exit. Latitat.*]

Fur. No, you came to interweave your self in our Estates. It's well we all know him, but better I had never had his Acquaintance. ——— I tell you one cannot change two Sixpences for a Shilling, but he'll get Twopence by it ——— he is such a ———

Bon. Well here's too much, but as the young Folks are together acting their Parts, so we may do ours, and all hit one Mark ; I perceive my Son hath a very great Affection for your Daughter.

Fur. How ! your Son for my Daughter ? My Daughter has it for him, I believe, for she has never been well since he lay at my House. Nay, now I smell it, 'twas for this she wou'd go so oft a walking early in the Morning ; I warrant they met. ——— Nay, it's well then if it be not gone farther, — I wish all be well ——— but it is well, for I have the Estate, she cannot have it till after my Decease — except Cross-Farm. ——— Well, I'll consider of it. ——— Why, your Son's an honest Gentleman, a good Husband too, — if it be not for Dogs and Hawks, I saw one on the Perch to Day, but it's all his Recreation, he's no Company-keeper. Doth he keep any Horses, Madam? Dogs, Hawks and Horses are ill things, or else I like the Man well, and his Estate too.

Bon. Truly, Madam, he never desir'd to keep but a brace of Geldings.

Fur. Then he's no Racer, no Gamester, no Drunkard ; but is he not a Wencher. Ay, ay, they have had their Meetings, he loves a Wench.

Bon. I hope it was only with your Daughter he met.

Fur. Nay, then 'tis well enough, She'll not look on a Man that comes to the House, unless it be through the Win-

dow as he goes away ——— well for my Part, let it be a Match — but as to the Estate —

Wisem. You'll take your Neighbour's Advice in that, here's *Wealthy* too, about matching his Daughter to *Friendlove*; you'll do like your self, I doubt not.

Fur. I'll do as likes me well, I'll do nobly by 'em — you shall all say so, I'll have no need of *Latitat*, it shall e'en go as it come, the best part she hath already due to her on Marriage by her Father's Will, the rest she shall have after my Death; and you, and I, good *Bonona* will live together; sometimes at your House, and sometimes at my House, Cale for Cale, 'tis done, 'tis done, I say.

Enter Sprightly.

Bon. to Spright. Sir, I hope you met with some one to entertain you.

Spright. I never wanted entertainment at your House.

Fur. But how come your Heels at Liberty, Cousin.

Spright. An old Acquaintance of your Husbands, *Latitat*, you know him.

Fur. If he freed your Person, it was to catch your Estate I'll warrant.

Enter Friendlove, Constant, Florida, Candia, Clara and Valentine.

Const. to Bon. 'Tis time, Madam, to leave you now, you may very well be cloy'd with so much Company, and the Day is far spent, and my Wife a bad Goer, yet she'd rather do so than ride.

Bon. I wou'd not press you to stay, your Company is very desirable, and the time so far from being tedious, that methinks 'tis short, as your Entertainment hath been, and shou'd be glad of you longer, but would not detain you to receive any Prejudice by walking in the Night.

Wealthy, Truly, Madam, that's the greatest Courtesie now.

Val. to Spright. Pray, stay, till I return. [*They all take their Leaves and walk down the Walk, but Sprightly and Bonona.*]

Spright. to Bon. Marry, Madam, I'm but new got out of the Briars.

Bon.

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Bon. I hope they have scratch'd you much.

Spright. They tore me naked enough, but left my Body whole and sound. *[Valentine returns.]*

Val. I'm heartily glad to see you in this place — I did not think you had been in a Capacity, or I had sent for you.

Spright. Never Man was so plagu'd—I had (you know) Mortgag'd my Land to *Latitat*, and have been so perplex'd with his Dealings, and by his Means, that if he wou'd give me my Estate again, and had but one Foot in it, I wou'd scarcely accept of it, but being out of his Hands, I am as Light and as easie — Sings.

Val. Well, Sir, I'm glad to see your Mind nor burthen'd now your Purse is light. Will you go in and refresh your self. *[Exit Bon. and Spright.]*

Enter Favourite.

Fav. I hope, Sir, your Mistress was well entertain'd, I'm sure you'll not meet the like with her.

Val. It was well, *Favourite.*

Fav. It was too good for 'em — *[Aside.]* —

[A knocking at the Door.]

Enter a Boy with a Hawk.

Boy, Sir, my Mistress *Candia* presents her Service, and saith she knows none, so like to be a good Master to her Brother's Hawk as you, and desires you will accept of it.

[Val. takes it.]

Fav. *[Aside.]* How! a hawk from *Candia*! She's fall'n in love with him or my Dinner; I'll go to work, ay, that I will, *Florida* shalt know it.

Val. My Service pray to thy Lady, and thank her.

Gives the Boy Money.

[Ex. om.]

The Lawyer's Fortune, or,

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Market.*

Enter Valentine and Friendlove.

Friend. How stand your Affairs?

Val. I went my self the Day after you were with me to see how my Mistress got home, and *Furioso* was in haste to have all things done, and then you may believe I cou'd not be backward; so it wholly rests upon *Florida*, who I think wants nothing but the Furniture for her Nuptials. How stand your Affairs?

Friend. I was well interested in *Candia* before, and I find the old Gentleman not morose at all.

Val. She's really an excellent Lady, I'm oblig'd to her above Measure; she was so kind as to send me her Brother's Hawk, which she had well kept for his sake, but she thought it wou'd do better with Exercise.

Friend. Then she sent you her Brother's Hawk.

[Alters his Countenance, looks strange.]

Enter Sprightly and Constant.

Const. Here's honest *Sprightly* come from the *Metropolitan*, piping full of News.

Val. Now he's not troubl'd with his Estate, he can bear a good Burthen of that —

[Friendlove walks about concernedly.]

Const. Well, *Sprightly*, how stand the Females? are you a Man of Courtship still?

Spright. See how Love and Marriage hath alter'd the Man. — How come you to enquire after Womens Concerns? — I tell you they will sooner receive me without Money at an Hour or a Minutes Warning, than you in a twelves Months Courtship. Experience goes far.

Const.

Const. I doubt you did not find the like Reception at the Play-Houses.

Spright. Burn 'em, there's is no reaching their Furbuloe Tails without a Settlement, besides ten or twenty Guineas at Entrance. I was long since cloy'd with old Plays, as every Body is, but every new one is visited, though there be nothing in it.

Val. Are your modern Poets good, I shou'd think the new Player shou'd exceed the old, variety of Examples improve the Writers.

Spright. No, when a Poet hath been long exercising his Pen is dull, as in all accidental things, but we have Poets as pretty Fops as any about Town, and are fitter for Subjects of Comedies than Authors of any thing. Whereas, they that are exercis'd in real and substantial matters, still better themselves by use; and then plays are endeavour'd to humour the Times, and the Company that attend 'em, and therein they have an Eye to comply with the greater Number of People, who for the most part are ill-bread Citizens, Jews, and Merchant's Prentices; for that Cause they have Spices of Prophaneness, and rather encourage Vice, by setting it off with a Lustre than blacken it; and render Virtue rather Folly, than shew the Beauty of it. Besides, one of the best Poets is such a damnable Biter, Hater of the Clergy and Women, that he can scarcely write any thing, but he must mingle a little of his Gall with it, so that his very Lam-poons libel himself.

Const. I have heard there are some Citizens Men of Wit and Sence —

Spright. Not in the City; they have no more Wit in them than so many Hobby-horses; they damn every thing that's beyond their Apprehension. Their Understanding lies only behind a Counter, in making themselves rich, and their Neighbours Bankrupts: The Women indeed have more Wit than their Husbands.

Val. Their Inclination lies only to Wits, and Men o' Fashion, I've been in some o' their Bed Chambers.

Const. You was in the right Room, but you shou'd have stept into the Bed, then you'd have been in the right place. —

Spright. To plant Hieroglifick Figures, and get the French Pox, egad; for 'tis as brief in the City, as Agues are in the Hundreds of *Essex*.

All, ha, ha, ha.

Spright. Their Sons who are call'd Beaus, have Brains on at all, but they'll laugh at a Play, and find Fault and Censure things, that egad, as Mr. *Bayes*, says they are not able to do themselves, but cry in an effeminate Voice damn me *Jack*, let's hiss it, take Snuff, sneaks off, and pay no Body; but if a Gentleman that sits two Stories above 'em offers to give his Sentiment, they cry damn him a Pimp what does he hiss at, tofs him over board; so that the House is all in an uproar.

Const. What do they do at Court?

Spright. Want and Age has made them great Husbands, and Civil; here and there a new Debauch, a fluttering Fellow creeps in to make some Laughter.

Val. But hast no News, 'tis News I want.

Spright. No, not I, nor the Coffee-Houses neither; there's nothing but Tacking, calling of Names, and some in my Condition, Factious, and troubling the Nation in hopes to get Preferment. The News Writers are turn'd Informers, only one honest Fellow I like in the *Savoy*, because he has nothing to write at home, or new abroad, stuffs the Gazette with Ribbaldry, Cosmeticks, Marriages, Scots Pills, Strengthening Plaisters, and Strops to set Razors.

Const. Well, the less News the better, it seems there's no Fear of any Disturbance.

Spright. Not at all — but I've one thing to tell you of Moment.

Friend.

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Friend. And I've one thing to tell you. [*Whispers to Val.*
a Lover shou'd have a hundred more Eyes than *Argus*, and
Ears double the Number. [*Exit.*

Val. Hey day !

Spright. The Duke of *Malborough* is coming Home, and
as he passes, he's met and welcom'd by the Nobility and
Gentry in the Country, with Lawrels to crown him. No
Man was ever more in the Peoples Affections.

Const. His Victory will be recorded, he cannot but be
well accepted where're he goes, I think, Gentlemen, the
long Lawn, where the Country People use Monthly Diver-
sions, may be a convenient Place to attend his Grace.

Val. And we may enquire his Coming, and divulge it,
bespeaking the Country to come in, and have some Pass-
times to entertain him, I wish, if you approve of it, *Spright-*
ly, who hath least to do, wou'd take that Task upon you.
What say ye ?

Spright. What you please, I'll accept it with all my
Heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Furiosa's House.*

Enter Furiosa and Florida with a Letter in her Hand.

Flor. You see I have an unknown Friend.

Fur. Daughter, if there were any thing in it, you may
think she being their Servant would not betray him, if she
had not some By-end, and having a Design you may well
suspect the Truth.

Flor. I wou'd I might, but if it were not true ; do you
believe she durst write it ; but this I dare swear she hath
sent him a Hawk, and he hath receiv'd it, and by receiv-
ing he obligeth himself to paying ——— O false Man, it's
well it's gone no farther, in good time he hath discover'd
himself, or I might have been ruin'd ; I'll to Town where
she's

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she's always gossiping, and I'll have a Tug with her.

Enter Major Sly.

M. Sly, I made bold to call to see you.

Fur. You are welcome, Sir.

Flor. O Mother, this Gentleman hath been long acquainted with all our Secrets, we have found him trusty, and his Advice good, I'll shew him the Letter. [*Gives the Letter to Major Sly, who reads.*] Nay, Mother, if this be not a Discovery, I know not what to expect; you must know, Major Sly, this Gentleman that had the Hawk, is a pretended Lover of mine.

M. Sly, You do well to say pretended.

Flor. So, Mother, you see he's of my Opinion — and what do ye advise, Major Sly?

M. Sly, First be assur'd of the Truth, Madam, and than requite him.

Flor. I'll take your Advice, and when I know it the first Man after that asks me the Question I'll away with, I'm resolv'd to get a Husband if I live and breath. [*Aside.*
Enter Valentine's Boy with a Letter, goes to Florida, and presents it.

Boy. My Master presents his humble Service; he's to go to meet the Duke of Marlborough, and begs to be excus'd for waiting on you till to Morrow.

Flor. No, your Master has a Hawk to follow, and a Lady to visit that sent it. Carry the Lettter back again as you brought it. [*Throws the Letter at him. Exit. Flor.*

Fur. Do'st hear Boy, had your Master a Hawk sent him by Candia, and does he visit her?

Boy, She sent him her Brother's Hawk, because she was weary of keeping it, but my Master ne'er saw her since.

Fur. Haste to your Master, and tell him my Daughter is dipleas'd with him, and is gone to meet Candia at Town, let your Master meet her there. —

Boy,

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Boy, My Master went this Morning, I'll presently run thither, and give him Notice of it, and he'll soon wait on her I'm sure.

Fur. Go then, speedily, fly. [*Exit Boy*.] I had Hopes, Sir, of seeing my Daughter ——— suddenly marry'd, and this pitiful, unlucky Business of a Hawk has made her mad.

M. Sly, Truly, Madam, she deserves better than to be affronted.

Fur. To be affronted, Sir, what's that? Is this such an Affront? I tell you as the Times go, a Woman ought to take a Husband with both Hands, and pass by real Affronts to open all to him. Nay, to a sober Man if he had nothing.

M. Sly, I grant that a Man with no Estate wou'd be more respectful to her than he that has.

Fur. What, no Estate! how wou'd that fill the Table, or keep a Fire in the Parlor.

M. Sly, She has enough to do both, and such a Man might fill the Table as soon as a Man that has an Estate, and keep her warm in Bed instead of a Fire.

Fur. Ay, indeed such a one might lye in Bed Night and Day, because he has nothing to do.

M. Sly, She cou'd find him work enough — her Person and Estate to manage well.

Fur. I little expected to hear this from you, pray let me see your Face no more; be gone, Sir.

M. Sly, Pray hold, Madam, wou'd you not give me leave to try you — you cannot think I wou'd ever give you or her this Advice — I did not use to advise you thus in your Concerns.

Fur. I know you did not use it.

M. Sly, No, Madam, I doubt not but to reconcile her — a Hawk shall break no squares between 'em — pray let me stay, at her return I doubt not but all shall be well, I'll have a Touch with her. [*Aside*.

Fur. On these Terms, Sir, you shall be welcome, and stay till 'tis accomplish'd --- come in with me, and refresh your self.

SCENE III. *the Market.*

Enter Candia and Florida.

Flor. I thought I shou'd meet you here visiting in Town as you use to do.

Cand. My visiting is of better Repute than your mew-ing your self up, as if you were ashamed to come abroad because you know not how to look any Body in the Face.

Flor. I wou'd not have such a brazen Face as you, that can like every Man you look on, and do such things with those you are no ways concern'd, as wou'd make any modest Woman ashamed.

Cand. I'll tell you, my Modesty is more than yours, for I converse with every one, and yet have never yielded to Temptations. You are modest, because you cannot help it, never saw any one, and so were never try'd; it's but shame-fac'd Ignorance in you, I do nothing that I care not to do at the high Cross in the Market.

Flor. That's because you are impudent, and care not what People say of you.

Cand. Why! what can you or any one say of me?

Flor. Yes, I can tax you, and that with a Witness. --- What cou'd be more impudent, than to send a Hawk, when you knew he was Suitor to me.

Cand. Ha, ha, ha, is that the matter, I did, and what then?

Flor. Then you are an undermining deceitful Slut for it, and brazen it out with Laughter. For what Reason cou'd you do it?

Cand. Because he's a worthy Gentleman.

Flor. And all the worthy Gentlemen must be yours.

Cand. No I make no Pretence to him.

Flor.

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Flor. You wou'd fain, he hath not left me so basely, but he'd leave you as dirtily.

Gand. Nay, if this be your Business, fare you well, I use not to come here to scold.

Flor. No, you have greater Designs. [*Exit Candia.*] So, so, she confesseth it, I'll be reveng'd on her one way or other, I'll supplant her in all the Lovers she gets this seven Years.

Enter Valentine.

Val. It's a greater Happiness (dear Madam) than I expected to meet you here.

Flor. No, you knew very well who to meet here, neither did I come to meet you here, and therefore if you are at my Devotion, stay here, and let me see you no more elsewhere. [*Exit Florida.*]

Val. She's gone! was ever Man so unfortunate, as to disoblige so good a Lady without any Design, through her Misapprehension — hasty Censure — I'm made a Criminal, arraign'd, condemn'd, and not suffer'd to plead. — But shall I censure her that's above all? No, she wou'd never do it without some strange Information; some Devil hath been at work, there must be more in it than the Hawk, if it be possible I'll find it out. [*Exit.*]

Enter Friendlove and Candia.

Cand. My dear *Friendlove*, I've have been so set upon, abus'd, and taunted at in this Room, without the least Cause or Provocation.

Friend. Certainly, no Man cou'd be so uncivil!

Cand. It was no Man, I assure you; it was *Florida* on an errant Mistake, she's jealous and mad with me.

Friend. On a Mistake!

Cand. Yes, really, my Brother's Hawk, which I have kept in remembrance of him was spoil'd for Sport; I knew you delighted not in it, and I sent it to *Valentine*, who told me he had lost his, when he found his Mistress; and she thinks I had other Designs in it.

Friend. Truly, she had Reason; for it's not usual for Ladies to make young Gentlemen Presents, but upon some Design.

Cand. Is not Neighbourhood and Friendship a sufficient Ground?

Friend. Ay, but to what does that Friendship tend?

Cand. I perceive, Sir, you are disturb'd too; I thought you had known so much of my Frank free way, that you wou'd not take Exception at such a thing, a meer common Civility.

Friend. One Civility expects another; Madam, your humble Servant. *[Exit Friend.]*

Cand. Is the World transform'd, or am I so ignorant of a due Conduct of my self, as to run into an Error thus to lose both my Friend and Lover, and make Difference betwixt Lovers! but it appears in this as in oher things, that tho' there be the greatest Innocency in the World; yet sometimes ones Actions shall be mistaken, and thereby become very offensive, according to the Proverb, *That's well spoken, that's well taken.* *[Weeps.]* But what shall I do in this Condition? how to rectifie it, I know not. Shall I go after *Friendlove*? — he will not hear me, shall I go to *Valentine*? Then *Florida* will rave indeed, and pretend more Cause — I'll e'en sit down in silence, and let time, and that Providence that knows the Innocency of my Mind, work the Effect. My honest Freeness with *Friendlove* may have laid me under worse Construction — had I kept him off with Dissembling and Reservedness, I had prevented that — but so long as his Importunity was the first Cause, and I have not ill plac'd my Affections, nor giv'n any real Cause of Distaste. I have a whole Heart, I will not repine, but patiently wait the Event, and if I fall accompanied by Virtue, I shall receive no Blemish. *[Exit.]*

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SCENE IV. *the Street.*

Enter Sprightly, Constant, and Country People, with Officers forcing in Latitat.

Spright. What's the matter, good People?

1 Countrym. Oh! Maester, that Vaulmauth'd Rauge, *Latitat*, is arrested upon fifty Folks Zutes for having cheated half the Country; he cozen'd me, and my Sister, and my Aunt *Wildfire*, that's a Widow, and a Fury, and as cunning an old Trot as ever let out Money at twenty *per Cent*.

Latit. I never cheated her, she was a Whore, and a Presbyterian, and will sing Psalms, and smoke Tobacco 'till she's as Drunk as a Dutch Trooper.

1 Countrym. Thou ly'st, *Varlet*.

2 Countrym. An't please you, he got a golden Ring from me that weigh'd near four Ounces, and was set with my Grannum's grey Hair, I kept'n for a Membrance, and would n't ha' parted with 'n, good Lord, not for a hundred Oxen.

Latit. You pawn'd it to me for a Guinea, and it was not worth above fifteen Shillings.

1 Countrym. Then he Chaws'd our *Susan* out of fifty Pounds to help her to a lusty, an honest, and a Pains-taking Husband, and afterwards he marry'd her to a diminutive Whey-fac'd Taylor that ne'er got her with Child.

2 Countrym. Pray, Friend, What Religion are you of, that you are such a Rogue, they zay, you're a Papish?

Latit. Perhaps, I was once a Papist, but since that, like most of the World, I'm converted to no Religion at all.

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Const. Why, *Latitat*, these are manifest Oppressions.

Latit. Well, Gentlemen, I have reflected seriously on my past Actions, and find my self not so honest as I shou'd have been, let them save me from the Mob, and I'm willing to surrender my Estate to the use of my Creditors.

i Countrym. Oh! it's well you are, or we shou'd have got an Act of Parliament against you. This *Pipkin's* Fate has frighted half the Rogues i'th' Nation, tho' I thought the Devil cou'd n't ha' tam'd a Lawyer, ha, ha, ha.

[Laughs aloud.

All, Away with him, away with him.

[They hawl him out.

Spright. His Fortune's just, 'Tis such Vermin as these that disturb the Peace of the Country, come, *Constant*, let's to the Coffee-House, and read the Express.

ACT IV.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Furiosa's Parlor.*

Enter Furiosa, Florida, and M. Sly.

Flor. I am not able to bear this, that I was just, as I thought, going to be marry'd, and be thus affronted; if he take these Courses in the heat of his Love, what can I expect from him under Decays? — But I will not be disappointed. *[Aside..*

M. Sly, Truly, it's a Question whether it were real Love.

Fur. Nay, do what you will, you'll never be fix'd I believe till you run away with somebody worth nothing.

Enter Valentine's Boy with a Basket, offers a Letter to Florida: she refuseth it.

Boy to Flor. My Master to shew, Madam, the trouble he takes by your Misapprehension, has sent you some manifest tokens, here's the Hawk torn to Pieces with his own Hands. *[Pulls out of the Basket Wings and Legs of a Fowl, Florida turns away, Furiosa takes the Letter, and bids the Boy follow her.]* *[Exit Furiosa and Boy.]*

Flor. If I forbad him to come himself, much less shou'd he have sent his Boy. This is plain Derision, I'm resolv'd on another Course, and will not be long about it. *[Walks about.]*

M. Sly, I wish, I had known your Mind before I came hither, I cou'd have help'd you to one that — But 'tis too late, he's marry'd — I wish I had an Estate worthy your Desert.

Flor. An Estate! I value it not, so I like the Man — but my Mother will come, and over-hear us, you and I will discourse another time. *[Exit.]*

Enter

Enter Valentine, Let-acre.

Val. You know I never delighted in any thing so much, as in a good Hawk, and this was such a one (poor Creature) I would not have destroy'd it, — but what would I not do, to appease *Florida's* Wrath. Nay, if this will not do, I'll abandon all.

Let. Sir, you have giv'n a sufficient Evidence of your innocent Intent, and I hope she'll be satisfy'd. [*Enter Favourite.*] If she will not, there are other Women in the World as fair and virtuous as she.

Fav. Oh! Sir, here is your kind Mistress, I wonder you should be so blind, what could you expect of the Breed of *Furiosa* — she's the very Picture of ill Conditions, but you won't know how you might be well.

Val. Peace, you Abuser of the Phoenix of the World, I'm resolv'd her or none. Not the Power of Hell can ever force me from *Florida's* Love; 'tis rooted here so deep within my Heart, that he which pulls it out, pulls out at once that and my Soul together.

Enter Valentine's Boy.

What News dost bring, hast brought me a Letter, what Message, speak?

Boy. Truly, Sir, she would receive neither the one nor the other. Her Mother took me in privately, told me that she had labour'd more than she did in bearing her to reconcile her, but found 'twas impossible, and she (good Woman) excus'd her not writing in respect of her Age, shew'd her Grief by her Tears, which she said she had oft shed before her Daughter, tho' all in vain, and unless time wrought upon her, there was no Hopes. I was so bold as to ask her Mother whether you might come and see her, she answer'd me no, her Daughter had often protested against it.

Fav. Go, go, Sir, go and make her two or three long Scrapes, nay, down on your Knees; she's the Deity you adore. See if she will take you, as her Footman (if she knew

knew how to keep one) that wou'd serve your turn. — A scurvy proud Minx!

Val. Begone, you Baggage, or I'll kick you. [*Thrusts her. Exit Favourite and Boy.*] I'm resolv'd *Let-acre*, to quit my Habitation, which some may think strange, but there's no resisting it. I'll travel and leave all Affairs to your Management, if happily I may hear any thing of the melting of her Heart, I may return in time; otherwise, until you see me, expect no more, and herein be secret, when I'm gone give this Letter to my Mother, comfort her in my Absence, and let her find no want of me. [*Let-acre weeps.*] You may enquire how *Florida* stands affected, and you shall have Letters how to send to me, but if you send me the least word more than the real Truth, expect I will always look on you afterwards as a false Friend.

Let. Dear, Sir, let not such a House remain without an Inhabitant, nor such an Estate without an Occupant; in your Absence we are all but Ciphers.

Val. An Estate is only worth the enjoying, for the Satisfaction it yields; and I'm sure there's nothing of that I can enjoy in it, unless *Florida* be its Mistress.

Let. Pray, Sir, why shou'd a Woman's Humour thus disturb you, who have always liv'd so upright in your Actions, as that no Recoils of Conscience can afflict you, to leave all and become a Vagrant in the World, must certainly be inhumane. You are not to serve your Passions, but to command them, and use them only as they may tend to your Comfort. Flying from your Acquaintance is as flying out of the World; nay, worse, for it makes you deplor'd in the World, you'll appear despicable to those that know not your Worth, nor Fortune. Besides, the want of Language and those Country Manners will be troublesome to you, render you contemptible. [*Falls on's Knees.*] Good, Sir, resolve not on such a blind disconsolate Life in this your Nonage.

[*Exit. Let-acre Weeping.*]

Enter.

Enter Friendlove.

Friend. I am come to ask you Pardon for the Distaste I took at your receiving the Hawk, I'm satisfy'd by what I hear, and you have done, that there was no Design on either side; and *Candia* has suffer'd too much through my foolish Apprehensions, I hope *Florida* is no less satisfy'd than I am.

Val. I cou'd wish so too, but I find it otherwise, and therefore my Satisfaction is departed; I wish you Prosperity in yours, tho' my self be miserable.

Friend. But is there no Hopes of Reconcilement?

Val. I have endeavour'd to visit, sent Friends, Letters, and what I can, tho' to little purpose — and therefore I'm resolv'd.

Enter Bonona.

Her Displeasure is enough to force me to that Course I must inevitably pursue.

Bon. Son, Methinks, you shoul'd call in your Reason to assist you against that Melancholy that afflicts your Mind; what cannot be remedied must be endur'd, there's no outward Calamity of that Value, as that it ought to put our Minds out of Order.

Val. Mother, I confess it's my Weakness.

Enter Candia.

Cand. to Val. I have been, Sir, asking *Florida* Forgiveness for my mistaken Error, and have us'd all means to expiate what she takes to be an Offence, and my Innocence I have testify'd by my Tears.

Val. Since you have been so kind, what Effect has it had on her.

Cand. I cannot, Sir, brag of the Force of my Power in prevailing with her, she seems so obstinate. [Exit *Val.*

Bon. Those Obligations you have both laid upon me by your Endeavours, I am not able to answer — he's gone and now alas I find he designs some Course that cannot be so grievous to him as to me; and to prevent it by with-
standing

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standing, I think, will but make him more resolute, I shall rather hope that in giving them their full Latitude, they may at last be expended. For to a Mind fully resolved, Counsel is tedious, and Reprehension loathsome; and Grief is sooner overcome by following than opposing.

Friend. Madam, I am concern'd for him, as my worthy Friend and Neighbour; and the more (if any thing can augment it) because it was occasion'd by my dear *Candia*, and shall therefore use all Means to discover the Course your Son takes, and have an Eye upon *Florida* if possible too.

Cand. I hope to see it effected speedily, for I can have no Joy in celebrating my own Nuptials, unless they go hand in hand with us. [*Exeunt om.*]

SCENE II. a Market Town.

Enter Sprightly and Constant.

Spright. In good Faith, *Constant*, this Recovery from *Latitat*, and sufficient Charges that the Court has giv'n me, has put me in a better Condition than my Father left me—I'm now clear of all Debts, and have my whole Estate again ——— I have rambl'd enough ——— I've a good mind to settle my self and marry — shall I have your Sister *Clara*?

Const. Faith, get her Consent you shall ha'e mine.

Enter Wealthy, Wiseman, Clerk and Country People.

Wisem. [To *Constant* and *Sprightly*.] You're well met, Gentlemen. [To the *Country People*.] We sent you Notice of this Days Business, and in order to it, *Wealthy*, and my self have made an Inventory of *Latitat*'s personal Estate, and taken a Survey of his real Estate, and have summon'd the

H Country

Country to come in and make their Claims; therefore pray let's sit down and proceed.

[They sit at a Table, the Clerk enters as they direct him.]

Enter Latitat.

Wealthy, You had Notice of our Business here, *Latitat*, and as the People make their Complaints, if they object more than is in it, do you answer. It's possible you may have some Kindness from these Gentlemen, if any of the Estate remain after Satisfaction to the Griev'd.

Latit. I thank you, Gentlemen, for your good Intentions, I doubt not but as you are Men of good Conscience, you will consider. —

Wisem. Come, honest Men, let's hear your Complaints and Demands.

1 Countrym. Gentlemen, I wot you to know he serv'd me with a Writ.

Latit. How! I serve you with a Writ! I never —

1 Countrym. The Bailiff you sent did, and I gave Bond to appear next Term, but before the Term came on, I greed with my Neighbour; but because I did not appear, he put the Bail Bond in suit against me, without my Neighbour's Consent; and tho' I took a Journey quite to the Sheriff, I cou'd not be discharg'd till I paid *Latitat* 3*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.* for Charges, as he said he had spent.

Latit. How did I know they had agreed? I was to prosecute him for my Client the best I cou'd.

Wisem. Did ever your Client come to give you Direction to declare or go on against him.

1 Countrym. No, he did not, here's my Neighbour will justifie it.

2 Countrym. I'll tell your Worships nothing but the Truth, I gave him fifteen Shillings for the Writ, and serving it beforehand; when we agreed my Neighbour pay'd me my Charges; and so I never went to *Latitat* to go on.

Const. I think the Countryman ought to have his Money again, and if you are so content, let the Clerk enter it.

All,

All, Content, Content.

3 *Countrym.* I was, an't please your Worships, disturb'd with the Dogs barking in the Night, when People us'd to visit one of my Neighbour's Wives; and sometimes by fighting about her, that one Day I wish'd her Husband either to get the Neighbour's Dog's Mouths ty'd up, or a Spanish Lock for his Wife. And upon this *Latitat* prosecuted a Suit against me, and brought it to an outl'ary. Before I had the least Notice, I was taken as I went to Market on urgent Occasions, kept in Prison till the Term, and then forc'd to make a Journey to the great Town to appear in Person in Court; and before my Appearance to the Suit wou'd be accepted, I must reverse the outl'ary, pay a great deal of Money, and when I had done it, they let fall their Action, because what I spake was nothing. It cost me in all fifteen Pound. Besides, I was forc'd to sell two of my best milch Cows, and I had but four in all.

Latit. I did but do the best I cou'd for my Client to make him hold his babbling Tongue; what had he to do with what other Men's Wives did?

Wisem. You know this Man was a Husbandman, and must be continually on his Business; so you might have taken him on the first Writ, without suing him to an Outlawry, and why did you suffer your Client to begin a Suit you durst not follow? — I think, Gentlemen, he ought to have his whole Money.

All, Agreed, Agreed.

[Clerk Enters.

Latit. If you go on at this rate, what shall I have?

4 *Countrym.* He us'd me just as he us'd Mr. *Sprightly*, for sixty Pounds in Money, and about forty Pounds in Bills; forc'd me to sell my Land for a third part less than it was worth to him.

Wealthy. This Man had sixty Pound in Money, let him pay that to the Clerk to be dispos'd of as we think fit, and let the Man have his Land again, and all's well.

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Latit. Shall not I have sixty Pound nor my Money for the Bills?

Wisem. The Money is at our dispose, and for the Bills you shou'd have made them honest; what say you, Gentlemen.

All, Content, Content.

Country People, Thank your Worships.

Wealthy, Let's adjourn to the next Market Day.

Clerk, O yes, O yes, O yes, you that have any more Complaints to make, attend here—

Enter Countryman in haste.

Countrym. Hold, hold! I beseech you hold! let me entreat your Worships to hear me, I'll be very short and not detain you ——— he has got my Estate! ——— all my Estate! ——— and I have no Money left! — I cannot live if you do not help me.

Wealthy, But how? he might get your Estate honestly, and pay the Worth.

Countrym. Honestly! no, no, Sir, he cou'd never do that in his Life; he forc'd me out of it.

Wisem. How did he force you out of it?

Countrym. He entred on it, and took the Profits by force.

Wisem. After what manner did he do it? tell how, did he beat thee out of it? or shut thee up in a Room? or put you in Prison till he got it?

Countrym. Beat me! no, wou'd we cou'd have fought for it, I wou'd not trouble you, I cou'd bang him with a good Will.

Wisem. What Means did you use to force you?

Countrym. Why, yo'a hitten before; In Prison, in Prison.

Latit. I

Love in a Hollow Tree.

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Latit. I never put him in Prison in my Life, I got him out.

Wisem. You said you wou'd quickly make your Complaint, and yet have said not one Word to the purpose.

Countrym. Why! did not I tell you he has my Estate?

Const. But how came he by it?

Countrym. Why! as he does other Folks for half the Worth.

Const. Tell then what Course he took to get it.

Latit. He knows not what to tell, for I had it honestly, I say, and I'll tell ye.

Countrym. Honestly, thou ly'st.

[*Countryman heaves up his Staff.*]

Latit. He Mortgag'd it to me for almost as much as it was worth.

Countrym. All false, all false, an't like your Worships, I mortgag'd my Estate to him for not a quarter so much as 'twas worth. He fell'd my Wood, and made what Markets he wou'd of my Estate that I might be forc'd to sell it him at his own Rates, or have nothing; for when Money was provided to pay him off his Mortgage, he wou'd not take it forsooth, because I was not there in Person, which he knew I cou'd not be, he presently after the Day got a Judgment for my Land, and an Ejection for me (I think they call it) and will have it unless you help me.

Const. Then you have not sold yet.

Countrym. No, but he'll have it without selling, he's a great Man, and I cannot strive with him, he has a Judgment for it.

Wisem. Well, *Latitat*, do you and he account against our next Meeting, and what's due from him shall be paid to us, and he enjoy his Land.

Latit.

Latit. With all my Heart, Gentlemen; but you'll consider it's my Money.

Spright. At our Dispose —

Countrym. He'll count what he pleases with me, he'll count and have all. Do you count with him, Gentlemen.

Wisem. *Latitat* bring the Account of what's due to you here the next Market Day, and Countryman do you bring a Note what Interest you have paid, and what he has made of Timber, and we'll set the Account right.

Countrym. Thank your Noble Worships.

All, Agreed, agreed.

[*All rise.*

Clerk, O yes, O yes, O yes, you that lay any Claim to *Latitat's* Estate come hither this Day Se'n't by nine of the Clock in the Forenoon.

[*Exit Gentlemen.*

Latit. [*To the Country People.*] Are you so ill-natur'd now a Man is down to trample on him, oppress an honest Man, that has been always ready to help you.

1 *Countrym.* Oppress you, 'tis you have undone us; how did you get your Estate? but by oppressing us, we ask but for our own.

2 *Countrym.* You built a fair House, but the Foundation was laid on others Ruines, and it must needs fall.

3 *Countrym.* You're a cheating Raskal.

Latit. Bear Witness, he calls me Knave.

All, A Knave you are in grain.

[*Ex. om. scolding with him.*

SCENE III. *A Walk of confus'd Trees representing a Defart.*

Enter Valentine and Boy with two Saddles on's back and Wallet.

Val. Let our Horses e'en take their Freedom as we do, if they like to go home they can find the way, but certainly they'll

they'll enfranchise themselves in this Defart to be free from the Worlds Toyls.—That Place looks wild like my Thoughts, and yet dark and unfrequented, fit for me to unburthen my Mind in ; not so much as a Bird, I dare say, unless a melancholy one, an Owl or such like make her Retirement here. [*An Owl hollows.*] Nor Beast I believe, unless the wild Beasts, have their Dens there ——

[*A Bear and Leopard walk a-cross the Defart at a Distance.*

Boy, Oh! Master, Master? what's that.

Val. They are a Bear and Leopard, but they prey seldom at home. However, However, Boy, be bold and daring.

[*Enters the Defart.*

At Lyons, Boy, look big if such thou see,
At a Man's Voice and Courage they will flee.
How I'm inspir'd free from false loving Care,
Freed from the foul tormenting hellish Fear.

[*As he goes forward finds a Cave or Hollow Tree.*

This sure is an untrodden holy Ground,
Lay down the Saddles they will ne'er be found.
This sure has been some Hermit's Lodging Place,
Most fit for me, most kindly to embrace;
Hang up thy Wallet on that Tree,
And creep thou in this hollow Place with me,
Let's here repose our wearied Limbs till wearied more they be.

Boy, There's nothing left in the Wallet but one Piece of Cheese, what shall we do for Bread?

Val. When we have slept we will seek out some Roots that shall supply that Doubt.

Boy, But no Drink, Master.

Val. Under that Rock a Spring I see,
Which will refresh my Thirst and thee.

[*They both creep into the hollow Tree.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

SCENE, a Room.

Enter Sprightly and Clara.

Spright. Why do you say, Madam, you have no place for Love.

Clara, I never said so, but I find Discouragements to give it any Entertainment.

Spright. 'Tis true I am unworthy of it, but since Love enforces me, have some Pity on your Lover.

Clara, Have you not seen the Effect it has had on *Valentine*, he has left his House and gone to wander like a distracted Man; and *Florida* is so foolish as to revenge herself on him that never slighted her. The like Jealousie may take hold on others.

Spright. One Swallow makes not a Summer. Besides, those Follies you'll quickly see at an end.

Clara, When I hear that I'll say more — but in the mean time —

Spright. Let me have the Favour to honour and love you.

Clara, You may do as you please, but give me leave to reserve my self —

Spright. You prove my Constancy, and then make me happy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *the Defart.*

Enter Friendlove in a Disguise.

Friend. He's so averse to Company, I'm sure he'll not to Court, my greater Fear is he's gone to Travel, for that to him, unexperienc'd in Language, and unacquainted with the World, will be a Wilderness of Men instead of Beasts, and it may be in as much danger as among the Savages, if he be seen by some. [*Looks towards the Defart.*] What wild untrodden Place is that? Like enough for him, but must certainly be the Habitation of wild Beasts. [*Wild Beasts howling Cross the lower end of the Defart.*] Ha! there they be if he should (not knowing it) have made his Abode here, he must have been a Prey to some of these before now. That's in vain to seek for him — yet I'll in a little. [*As he goes in finds the Saddles, takes up one.*] Certainly I have seen this saddle, it must be his, he's not far off, I hope — [*Goes farther, finds the hollow Tree, puts in his Hands, pulls out some of his Clothes.*] Who's here? what are you? speak — I'm a Man, no wild Beast to prey upon you.

Val. [*In a small shrill Voice.*]

Who is-it that disturbs my quiet Rest,
And will not suffer me to enjoy what's best?

Friend. One that no Ill to any one desires,
And one (it maybe) burning with like Fires.
Speak, let me hear, or let me see,
What Creature's more perplex'd than me.

Val. Oh! do not, do not hence invite,
One that the World renounceth, a Hermite.

Friend. Hermites let's be together join'd in one,
Tho' we are two, yet we shall be alone,
Griefs join'd, and Godliness become the stronger.
Hide not thy self, refrain me now no longer.

I

Val.

58 *The Lawyer's Fortune, or,*

Val. I will look out and see my Brother [*Looks out with a long Beard.*]
We may converse if th'rt no other.

Friend. Come, Brother, come, let's wander here a while,
That I my self of Freedom may beguile.

Val. Nay here's the greatest Freedom found,
Freed from the Cares, and Toils 'mongst Men abound.

[*Coming out they walk up to the Stage, looking dismally on each other, Friendlove having fast hold on Valentine's Hands, who draws back often.*] Why wou'd you bring me forth into this open Air, which changes me from my very Profession?—I'll retire. [*Draws, back appears weak, but Friendlove holds him.*]

Friend. Certainly this Face and Voice (tho' wholly transform'd) I did once know [*Aside.*] The Love that I bear *Valentine*, does easily discover something of him to me. Know'st thou not thy true Friend?

[*Valentine starts back, Friendlove lays hold on him.*]

Val. I cannot call you so, since nothing but what you offer wou'd beget Enmity.

Friend. For shame, renounce not thus your self to live only with Savages, do you see what Beasts resort only here?

Val. Tell me, *Friendlove*, thou'rt once my Friend, Why shou'd not I leave that World I have no Pleasure in?

Friend. Some good Persons have formerly taken such a Course, but it was when their Lives were so endanger'd for their upright walking, that they durst not appear amongst Men——but Man is a sociable Creature, and is only useful in an active way amongst his Fellow Creatures. The Tryal of our Minds is by Action. No Man knows which way he'll steer himself, till he lets forth into the Ocean, and to bear up in Storms shews him an able Pilot. To be thus secluded is unnatural, and therefore irreligious, and must be either out of a vain Conceit, that he's better than all others, no one being good enough for his Company; or out of degenerate Fear of flying from lesser Evils into a greater; or through a Pusillanimity of Mind that he cannot bear the common Disasters Men are Subject to.

Val.

Love in a Hollow Tree.

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Val. Let mine be accounted the last, Oh! —

[falls in Swoon.]

Friend. What, dying? *[Lays hold on him, rubs his Temples, raising him with Difficulty conducts him to the Tree, returns to the Stage.]* That ever a noble Mind shou'd be thus stupify'd, his Passions first overcome him, and now by fasting and ill Food, ill Humours are predominant, and his Senses deprav'd.

Enter a Servant in haste.

Serv. Sir, according to your Directions I have attended, and discover'd the Course *Florida* has taken, and is about. The present Exigency will not give me leave to tell you more than what concerns present Action, Major *Sly* has inveigld her to run away, and he has appointed Horses to meet them in the Wood hard by. They have travel'd on Foot all Night, and will presently pass this way; I saw 'em not far off, if you lye close you shall see 'em instantly, I ran hard to come hither, as you appointed me undiscern'd.

Friend. Let's lye obscure and watch them.

[They set themselves under a Tree.]

Enter Major Sly and Florida on the other side walking apace to cross the Stage, Friendlove as they come near him, starts up, draws a Sword, trips up his Heels.

Friend. Have at you, Sir.

[him.]

M. Sly, Ha! betray'd! *[They fight, Friendlove disarms Flor. Murther! Murther!]*

Friend. Your Life, Sir.

M. Sly, I own it.

Friend. Be gone then, Sir.

M. Sly, Unlucky Accident! but still I'll be reveng'd; let me think a little as I go.

[Aside.]

60 *The Lawyer's Fortune, or,*

Friend. Ha! what says the Fellow? [*Kicks him.*]
[*Exit M. Sly.*]

Flor. Oh! thou wild Monster of Mankind, whose Venom Breaths it self thus to the Destruction of thy Betters!

Friend. Peace, Madam, If I had kill'd him it had been but Justice.

Flor. And must you make your self Judge, Jury, and Hangman? tho' the last might be a proper Office for you, yet I am sure you have no Right to the former; Oh, thou Villain!

Friend. When Persons take such wild Courses, and in such a way, that the Law cannot prevent till 'tis too late, but only punish afterwards, Justice must be done otherwise.

Flor. Justice, Rascal! dost thou talk of it! it's Murther! and thou shalt have Justice.

Friend. No, Madam, he's a Robber, you an Heirefs, and he stole you away, and had you gone on, it had been past Redemption.

Flor. Never was Rape committed with Consent of Parties, I went willingly with him.

Friend. You are then a forsworn Wretch, and a Murtherer too, have kill'd the Innocent; do you not know you have destroy'd *Valentine*? ——— I'll see Justice executed on you, tho' I'll not put my Hand on your Sex, do you see those Beasts in the Desert? [*Wild Beasts in the Desert.*] They shall take the Office of Executioner, that you wou'd put upon me, and I'll be your Judge.

Flor. What Pretence have you to meddle with me?

Friend. The Authority of Honour, I cannot suffer my Friend's Death to go unreveng'd, but in or near where *Valentine* has languish'd for you, shall those Executioners have a Prey. [*Takes her violently by the Arms, she storms and draws back at their Entrance into the Desert, the Beasts fly away.*] Tho' I spar'd your Companion's Life, that Bear that runs from us have seiz'd him.

Flor.

Flor. And Vengeance will light on thee.

[*Valentine as bearing their Voice, looks out of the Tree.*

Friend. Seest thou that Face, abominable Woman? Come, come, *Valentine*, see thou here this Faithless perjur'd Creature.

Val. Spare her, noble *Friendlove*. [*Valentine looks out and comes forth weak, led by's Boy, she turns her Face from him after M. Sly, Friendlove holding her, brings her out of the Desert, and Valentine follows faintly.*

Friend. Do you see, Mrs. Cruelty, how you have us'd a worthy Gentleman? do you know him pray?

Flor. I know not him, but you to be a Villain.

Friend. I shall cool your Haughtiness before I've done. Dost think there's any Death bad enough for thee? canst not afford him one kind Look? I'll be thy Hangman to which thou judgest me; for there I'll tye thee to a Tree, and thou shalt eat thy own Flesh, dye with Famine; and that Bear that devour'd the Raskal when he hath disgorged him, shall swallow what's left of thee; and so you shall enjoy him by being bury'd in the same Grave. ———

Will, Reach me one of those Girths from the Saddle.

[*To his Servant.*

Flor. I'll rather be torn by twenty wild Beasts than ty'd to that Beast. [*Pointing and looking scornfully at Valentine.*

Friend. Then you cannot relent? [*Valentine comes up to her, and kneels, she kicks him down.*] Did you never hear of a Law of Retaliation, Mistress? I'll tell you, as he hath been miserable in that Tree, so shall it be your Lot, I'll shut you up all, but one Hole for the Bear to put in his Nose, that when thou stinkest (as such a putrify'd Soul will soon do) the Bear shall pull thee out piece Meal, and devour one Limb after another.

Val. Torn Piece by Piece! Alas! 'tis a sight will wrack my Soul.

Friend. Nay, there's no avoiding, Sentence is pass'd.

[*He puts the Girth about her, she draws back.*

Serv.

Serv. Let's bind her quickly, and begin the Sport.

Val. O no, *Friendlove*, if you love me, hurt her not.

[*Boy, lay hold of Friendlove, Valentine creeps betwixt them and the Desert. The Boy lays hold on Friendlove, his Man puts off the Boy, and throws him down. Friendlove gets by Valentine, and draws her by him. Valentine gets up, lays hold on the Girth.*] *Boy*, where art? hold him, I say, O that I had Strength, thou Afflicter of Man and Womankind! [*She stoops and gets out of it, catcheth hold on Valentine and kisseth him.*]

Flor. No Force nor Frowns could turn my Heart, but Kindness, this Kindness of thine bespeaks thy Loyal Soul — Enough, enough, my dear, *Valentine*; nay, ten thousand times too much hast thou endur'd. [*Weeps.*] Canst thou but pardon!

Val. Madam, pardon me that have seen you so afflicted, and had not Strength enough to succour you.

Flor. O let me be your Hireling, your menial Slave, I'll noint those Limbs with Balsom, wash those Feet with Tears; or, if you hate my Sight (as well you may) let me go and offer up my self to those savage Beasts to expiate my Offence.

Val. This Kindness is too great, I cannot bear it; no, live for ever, and let me embrace thee with the same cordial Tendernefs I ever did. [*Embrac'd her.*]

Friend. I hope now, Madam, you'll marry him.

Flor. You need not ask me that Question, I wish I were worthy, I doubt I have offended him too much, but I'll attend him Home, cherish him with Cordials, make him Brothes, anoint his Limbs, and be a Nurse, a tender Nurse to him. [*Valentine embraces.*]

Friend. Let's go, I'll attend his Recovery, and prepare good Company to celebrate the joyful Nuptial. [*Ex. om.*]

SCENE III. *the Market Town.*

Enter Sprightly and Clara.

Spright. I hope now you hear all's well with *Valentine* and *Florida* you'll remember your Promise.

Clara, All well, alas, poor Gentlemen, he's in a brave Condition to marry, can hardly stand on's Legs.

Spright. If he prove a weak Husband, she may thank herself that brought him to it.

Clara, She may have some Business for a Wife too to nurse him.

Spright. Let them do as they can, I hope we shall do proper Business.

Clara, It's not come to that yet.

Spright. But I hope you'll not be worse than your word.

Clara, I never promis'd you yet.

Spright. You may do it now.

Clara, Two words to the bargain, Sir.

Spright. You don't know the Fashion, Madam, long Courtships are a jest; for if People were to consider, and weigh well the State of Matrimony, I'm sure neither side would agree to't.

Clara. I love the Fashion, I confess, and if you say it be so I must submit.

Spright. Speak then.

Clara, What must I say?

Spright. Will you have me?

Clara, Will you have me?

Spright. You shou'd have answer'd me, but since you ask my Question, I'll answer for you, yes, I'll have you.

Clara,

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Clara, If I did mistake the Mode I'll answer your Question, but may not you ask again?

Spright. Yes, I may, and will rather than break a Ceremony. Will you have me?

Clara, But what must I answer?

Spright. What you please.

Clara, Why, then I'll have you, and happy's the Wooing that's quick in the doing. [*Sings, he kisses her.*
And if thou wilt kiss me, I'll kiss thee again. [*Sings.*

Spright. So here's *quid pro quo*, a mutual Contract.

Clara, And what next to be done?

Spright. The Parson, and then Consummation, my Dear.

Clara, Ah! gad, I shall never be able to bear it. [*runs out.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Bonona's House. A knocking at the Door.*

Enter Boy on the other side, and lets in Wealthy.

Wealthy, Tell your Mistress I'd speak with her.

Enter Bonona.

Good Neighbour, I am heartily glad to see you, and rejoyce both at your Son's Return, and to hear all things are so happily accommodated, is your Son perfectly recover'd yet?

Bon. I thank you, he is recover'd beyond Expectation, considering the sad Condition he was in, and the short time since his Return.

Wealthy, I am come a Suitor to you for your Favour.

Bon. If you have any Request to me, you know I am in all things ready to serve my Friend.

Wealthy,

Love in a Hollow Tree.

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Wealthy, My Suit is only for a long wish for Satisfaction. *Friendlove* hath told me of *Florida's* great Relenting, *Sprightly* hath gain'd the good Will of *Clara*, my Daughter also and *Friendlove* are agreed; and 'tis my Desire, if it suit with your Son's Health, that these Marriages may be celebrated at my House.

Bon. Your Request is so agreeable it wou'd easily be granted; but my Son, tho' he hath recover'd his Health and Strength, and refresheth himself with warm Baths, and kept tenderly in the House, he's not yet fit for the open Air; and as the first publick Meeting of you all was at my House, so let me beg the Favour that it may be there again, and we'll visit you another Day.

Wealthy, If you will accept of the Trouble, it's all the Reason in the World we shou'd be at your Disposal, and I see your Generosity is always the same.

Bon. Will you accept then of my Invitation for this Day?

Wealthy, I'll not only do it, but let all the Parties concern'd know, as from you, without farther Ceremony.

[*Exit. Wealthy.*]

Bon. Who's there?

Enter Favourite.

I must have a Dinner, *Favourite*, provided to-Day for the good Company you lately saw here, and such a one as is fitting for my Son's Wedding Day.

Fav. Yes, Madam. [*Aside.*] Then it will be done at last.

Bon. The best Entertainment, *Favourite*, you yet ever provided me; consider what you have, and what you want, and get all ready in few Hours.

[*Exit Bonona.*]

Fav. I had more need of a Weeks time, than two or three Hours to do as you expect. [*Aside.*] Are all the Breaches

K

I have:

66 *The Lawyer's Fortune, or,*

I have made heal'd up again? I've a good Mind to put Ratf-bane into the Dishes, and poyson 'em all.

Enter Valentine and Florida.

Flor. That ever Man shou'd be so kind, and accept of me with that Tendernefs of Affection——forgetting my Follies is to Admiration, and if ever I shou'd appear foolish in any manner, give me but the least Intimation, and I hope you'll find no small Measure of Duty.

Val. You say more than needs, I wou'd never mention what's past, that it may wholly be obliterated; but if we had not felt some pain, we shou'd not have that Sense of Pleasure, which we do, and hope shall still enjoy. What has past will make our Enjoyments more sublime. The Lawrel is laden with Honour, when the Conqueror obtains the Victory through Difficulties. And sweet Flowers are more fragrant that have grown with ill favour'd Weeds.

Flor. The Fruit will certainly be the sweeter, our Joys are ripen'd to Perfection. I long to see the good Company meet, that we may enjoy the full Extent of our Felicity.

Enter Wiseman and Wealthy, Friendlove, Candia, Sprightly, Clara, Constant and his Wife, several other Gentlemen, Ladies and Attendants.

Enter on the other side meeting them, Bonona, Valentine and Florida.

Bon. How came you so happily together?

Wealthy, We met all unanimously to wait on you.

Val. A Roman Conduct was never so well manag'd, and a more beautiful Appearance was never made by all the Graces.

Wealthy,

Love in a Hollow Tree.

67

Wealthy, I hope you all know what our Intentions were of coming here, therefore let's lose no time in Compliments, but fall to the Work roundly; I suppose, *Valentine*, you have provided a Priest.

Val. I have so, and Parson *Love-pudding* will never be backward to do his Office ——— but let's have a Dance first. Now, *Florida*, my Joys are full, I have all I hope, and more than I cou'd wish.

With Difficulty 'tis we gain the Fair,
But the Possession doubly pays the Care.

Flor. I grant, that my Suspicions were unjust,
But Falshood in Mankind makes Maids distrust.

FINIS.



ERRATA.

P. Ag. 10. l. 8. renounce him all that's worthy, r. renounce all that's worthy. p. 15. l. 31. Pondrus, r. Wiseman. p. 35. l. 1. have scratch'd, r. have not scratch'd you much. p. 37. l. 9. new Player, r. new Plays. p. 38. l. 10. have Brains on at all, r. have no Brains at all. p. 55. l. 11. However, del. p. 56. l. 26. r. till you prove my Constancy.

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